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THE OLD-SPELLING SHAKESPEARE:
Being the Works of Shakespeare in the Spelling of the best Quarto and Folio Texts
Edited by F. J. Furnivall and the late W. G. Boswell-Stone.

[Shakespeare, William]

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

EDITED BY
W. G. BOSWELL-STONE

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The
Two Gentlemen of Verona.

FOREWORDS.

The Two Gentlemen is noteworthy for three things: 1. That Shakspere, after casting about for plot, trying topics of his day in *Loves Labors Lost*, Latin drama in *The Comedie of Errors*, and a mixture of supposed Greek life and English fairy lore in *Midsommer Nights Dreame*—if that is of earlier date than the present play—has recourse to continental story, specially to Italian tale, and at once settles down to that as the source of his Comedies (even to some extent in *The Merry Wives*) and many of his Tragedies, and writes, says Mr. Warwick Bond,[1] almost the first real romantic drama of Europe.

2. *The Two Gentlemen* imprest itself so strongly on Shakspere's mind that he repeats and develops its characters more largely in his after plays than he does in any other instance: and 3. this Comedy contains a purposely ambiguous phrase which all critics have misunderstood, and have blamed Shakspere for spoiling his play by its use, till Dr. Batteson vindicated him; and showd, what we all ought to have known from the first, that Shakspere was right, and we were wrong.

1. The romance to which Shakspere went for the Proteus and Julia part of his play was the *Diana Enamorada* of the Portuguese poet, Jorge de Montemayor, written in Spanish, printed at Valencia, 1542,[2] and englisht by Bartholomew Yonge more than sixteen years before it was printed in 1598,[3] so that Shakspere may have seen the MS. or been told its story of Felix and Felismena in Pt. I. Bk. ii. of the original. Or he

[1] Arden edn. of *The Two Gentlemen*, p. xxxii.
[2] Bond, p. xvi, xvii.
[3] Reprinted in Hazlitt's *Sh. Libr.*, Pt. I, vol. i, p. 275-312.

may have seen the French translation of Pt. I. of the *Diana*, 1582 and 1587, or "The history of Felix & Philiomena [? Felismena] shewed and enacted before her highness by her Ma^tes^ servaunt*es* on the sondaie next after neweyeares daie [1584-5], at night at Grenewiche, whereon way [were] ymploied one battlement & a house of canvas."—*Revels Accounts*, ed. Cunningham, p. 189. The tale of Appolonius and Silla, englisht in Riche's *Farewell*, 1581,[1] from Cinthio's *Hecatomithi*, 1561, may also have helpt somewhat. As the source of Proteus and his treachery, and of Thurio, Mr. Bond, p. xxi–ii, suggests Lyly's *Euphues*, and for some of the names and places, Brooke's *Romeus and Juliet*, 1562.—Bond, p. xxvii.

2. *The Two Gentlemen* is strongly linkt to its foregoers, *Midsommer Nights Dreame*, *The Errors*, and *Loves Labors Lost*.[2] In its successors we see in *Romeo and Juliet*, the girl dreading marriage to a man she doesn't love, her going to confession, the rope-ladder, the lover's banishment and his lament; in *The Merchant*, Portia's discussion of her lovers with Nerissa, and her putting on man's dress and quizzing herself in it, like Julia does with Lucetta: this is repeated with Rosalind and Celia in *As you like it*. Launcelot Gobbo is allied with Launce, tho' he is not so original a character. 'In *Much Ado* we have the signs of love in Benedick develop from those described by Speed here.[3] In *As you like it* Rosalind and Celia fly to the forest from an angry father as Sylvia does, and Rosalind's swoon, like Julia's, brings on the disclosure (the ring and Imogen's fall at the end of *Cymbeline* are like features), and the Duke's woodland speech and captaincy of outlaws are like Valentine's. Also Proteus's sudden repentance when confronted with Valentine is compared by Irene to the sudden awakening of conscience in Olivia rescued by Orlando, and in Duke Frederick on meeting with the hermit.'—Bond, p. xxxv. In *Twelfth Night*, Viola has, 'as page, to carry love-letters for the man she loves,' while her brother takes Julia's assumed name of Sebastian. In *Lear*, Bond says that Cordelia is anticipated by Sylvia 'in her father's stern treatment (cf. especially III. i. 68-79), and in the

[1] Hazlitt's *Sh. Libr.*, Pt. I. vol. i, p. 387-412.
[2] See the Leopold Sh. Introdn. p. xvii, xviii.
[3] *ib.* p. xxviii.

description of her in tears.' 'In *Cymbeline*, Imogen may be compared with Julia, Cloten's serenading Imogen with Proteus's song to Sylvia, and the flattery of Cloten by the Lords, with Proteus's handling of Thurio in III. ii., V. ii.'—Bond.

3. The lines for which we all used to blame Shakspere are these, spoken by Valentine on Proteus's repentance for his attempt on Sylvia's chastity, V. iv. 82-3 :—

> "[*Val.* Then I am paid,
> And once againe I doe receive thee honest. . .]
> And, that my love may appeare plaine and free,
> All that was mine in Silvia, I give thee.
> *Iul.* Oh me, vnhappy!"

and she swoons, misunderstanding the purposely ambiguous words put into Valentine's mouth in order to get an effective bit of stage business. We too have all adopted the misunderstanding of this overwrought girl in a half-hysterical state, though neither Sylvia nor any of the other level-headed characters on the stage shared it. For, if you were a trusted customer of a bank in which you had £500, and you said to a friend, 'All that is mine in the Bank, I give you,' neither the friend nor any one else would think that you meant to give him the Bank-manager's trust in you. That would remain in the manager, who'd only hand your friend your £500 on your order. So, when Valentine said to Proteus 'What was mine in Silvia, I give thee,' he of course didn't mean that he'd give Proteus Silvia's love, for that, she alone could dispose of; but he did mean that, both knowing the difference of sex, the same or the like love that he, Valentine, had given to Silvia, he would in future give to the repentant Proteus too. The matter is clear, as soon as you dissociate Valentine's words from Julia's swoon; and all we can do is to feel very sorry that we've blamed Shakspere for our own stupidity. Had he meant to make Valentine offer Sylvia's love to Proteus, the words he'd have put in his mouth would have been, "All that Sylvia has in me—that is, her love, which I possess—I give thee"; but he makes him say just the opposite, "All that I have in Sylvia,—that is, my love, which she holds,—I give thee."

In the general character of the play we note the development of the romantic lyric love which we saw the rise of in Antipholus of Syracuse for Luciana in *The Errors*, the many passages

dealing with love, and its influence in making Sylvia and Julia face danger in search of their lovers. The Italian turn for intrigue is shown in Proteus's treatment of Valentine and Thurio, and in the Duke's quick framing of the plan to entrap Valentine. The play is well planned and workt out, except in its hurried ending, and it is a great advance on the *Dreame* in dramatic construction.

Valentine's a fine frank fellow, but not up to girls' ways. He can't understand Sylvia's plain hint to him that she loves him; but when he does love her, it is with his whole heart, as his banishment soliloquy shows. His noble nature is shown in his reproach to Proteus for his treachery, and his assault on Sylvia: "I am sorry I must never trust thee more." The most original character in the play is Launce; and its heroine is Julia, rather than Sylvia.

The Two Gentlemen was first printed in the First Folio of 1623, and that is the basis of our text.—F. J. F.

THE NAMES OF ALL THE ACTORS.[1]

[The References are to the first Speeches of the Characters in their Scenes.]

DUKE *of* Millaine, *Father to* Siluia, II.iv.44, *p.* 20; III.i.1, *p.* 31; ii.1, *p.* 41; V.ii.30, *p.* 59; iv.123, *p.* 64.

VALENTINE, I.i.1, *p.* 1; II.i.1, *p.* 12; iv.2, *p.* 19; III.i.52, *p.* 32; IV.i.7, *p.* 44; V.iv.1, *p.* 61.
PROTHEUS, I.i.11, *p.* 1; iii.45, *p.* 10; II.ii.1, *p.* 16; iv. 102, *p.* 22; vi.1, *p.* 27; III.i.4, *p.* 31; ii.13, *p.* 41; IV.ii.1, *p.* 46; iv.36, *p.* 53; V.ii.2, *p.* 58; iv.19. *p.* 61.
} *the* two Gentlemen *of* Verona.

ANTHONIO, *Father to* Protheus, I.iii.1, *p.* 9.
THURIO, *a foolish rivall to* Valentine, II.iv.10, *p.* 19; III.ii.3, *p.* 41; IV.ii.18, *p.* 47; V.ii.1, *p.* 58; iv.124, *p.* 64. *as a* Mute, III.i. *p.* 31.
EGLAMOURE, *Agent for* Silvia *in her escape*, IV.iii.1, *p.* 50; V.i.1, *p.* 58.
Host, *where* Iulia *lodges*, IV.ii.26, *p.* 47.
Out-lawes, *with* Valentine, *(together)* V.iv.120, *p.* 64.
1. Out., IV.i.1, *p.* 44; V.iii.1, *p.* 60.
2. Out., IV.i.2, *p.* 44; V.iii.5, *p.* 60.
3. Out., IV.i.3, *p.* 44; V.iii.7, *p.* 60.
SPEED, *a clownish seruant to* Valentine, I.i.70, *p.* 3; II.i.1, *p.* 12; iv.3, *p.* 19; v.1, *p.* 25; III.i.274. *p.* 38; IV.i.5, *p.* 44.
LAUNCE, *the like to* Protheus, II.iii.1, *p.* 17; v.2, *p.* 25; III.i.289, *p.* 36; IV. iv.1, *p.* 52.
[2] PANTHINO, *Seruant to* Antonio, I.iii.3, *p.* 9; II.iii.32, *p.* 18.
A Seruant *to the* Duke, II.iv.111, *p.* 22.
Musitians *(with a song)*, IV.ii.38, *p.* 47.

IULIA, *beloued of* Protheus, I.ii.1, *p.* 5; II.ii.2, *p.* 16; vii.1, *p.* 28: *as a* Page, IV.ii.28, *p.* 47; iv.38, *p.* 53; V.iv.84, *p.* 63.
SILUIA, *beloued of* Valentine, II.i.91, *p.* 14; iv.1, *p.* 19; IV.ii.81, *p.* 49; iii.4, *p.* 50; iv.105, *p.* 55; V.i.8, *p.* 58; iii.3, *p.* 60; iv.28, *p.* 62.
LUCETTA, *waighting-woman to* Iulia, I.ii.3, *p.* 5; II.vii.8, *p.* 28.

Mutes. URSULA, *waiting-woman to* Siluia, IV.iv. *p.* 55: CRAB, Launces *Dog*, II.iii. *p.* 17; IV.iv. *p.* 52.

The Scenes *supposed.* Verona. *An open place*, I.i. *pp.* 1-5; *The garden of* Iulias *house*, I.ii. *pp.* 5-9: Iulias *house*, II.ii. *pp.* 16, 17; vii. *pp.* 28-30: Anthonios *house*, I.iii. *pp.* 9-12: *A street*, II.iii. *pp.* 17-19. Millaine. *The* Dukes *palace*, II.i. *pp.* 12-16; iv. *pp.* 19-25; vi. *pp.* 27, 28; III.i. *pp.* 31-41; ii. *pp.* 41-43; V.ii. *pp.* 58-60: *Outside the* Dukes *palace, under* Siluias *chamber*, IV.ii,iii,iv. *pp.* 46-57: *An Abbey*, V.i. *p.* 58: *The frontires of* Mantua. *A forrest*, IV.i. *pp.* 44-46; V.iii,iv. *pp.* 60-66.

The Time.[3] *7 Days with 4 Interims:*[4] Day 1, I.i,ii. *pp.* 1-9. *Interim of a month, or 16 moneths.*[5] Day 2, I.iii.; II.i. *pp.* 9-16. Day 3, II.ii,iii. *pp.* 16-19. *Interim.* Day 4, II.iv,v. *pp.* 19-26. *Interim of a few days.* Day 5, II.vi,vii.; III.; IV.i. *pp.* 27-46. *Interim.* Day 6, IV.ii. *pp.* 46-50. Day 7, IV.iii,iv.; V. *pp.* 50-66.

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[1] The names and descriptions not put in black type are at the end of the Play in F.
[2] *Panthino*] Capell. *Panthion* F.
[3] According to Mr. P. A. Daniel's Time-Analysis, in *New Sh. Soc. Trans.*, 1877-79, pp. 120-124.
[4] *Interims*] See *Hen. V.* Prol. v. 43.
[5] Cp. I.iii.18 and IV.i.91.

NOTICE

In the Text, black type (**Clarendon** or ***Sans-serif***) is used for all emendations and insertions.

In the Notes 'F' means the First Folio of 1623. F2, the Second Folio of 1632 (whose emendations are not treated as Shakspere's).

¶ in the Text, means that the speaker turns and speaks to a fresh person.

Words having now a different stress to the Elizabethan, are generally accented, for the reader's convenience, as 'exíle,' &c. When *-ed* final is pronounst as a separate syllable, the *e* is printed ë.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona

[From the First Folio of 1623.]

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Verona. An open place.

Enter VALENTINE, PROTHEUS, (*and later,* SPEED.)

Valentine.

CEaſe to perſwade, my louing *Protheus:*
Home-keeping-youth haue euer homely wits!
Wer't not, affection chaines thy tender dayes,
To the ſweet glaunces of thy honour'd Loue,
I rather would entreat thy company,
To ſee the wonders of the world abroad,
Then (liuing dully ſluggardiz'd at home)
Weare out thy youth with ſhapeleſſe idleneſſe.
But ſince thou lou'ſt, loue ſtill, and thriue therein,
Euen as I would, when I to loue begin!
Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet *Valentine,* adiew!
Thinke on thy *Protheus,* when thou (hap'ly) ſeeſt
Some rare note-worthy obiect in thy trauaile;
Wiſh me partaker in thy happineſſe,
When thou do'ſt meet good hap; and, in thy danger,
(If euer danger doe enuiron thee,)
Commend thy grieuance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy beadeſ-man, *Valentine.*
Val. And on a loue-booke pray for my ſucceſſe?
Pro. Vpon ſome booke I loue, I'le pray for thee.
Val. That's on ſome ſhallow Storie of deepe loue:
How yong *Leander* croſt the *Helleſpont.*
Pro. That's a deepe Storie, of a deeper loue;
For he was more then ouer-ſhooes in loue.
Val. 'Tis true; for you are ouer-bootes in loue,
And yet you neuer ſwom the *Helleſpont.*
Pro. Ouer the Bootes? nay, 'giue me not the Boots.
Val. No, I will not; for it 'boots' thee not.
Pro. What?

11. *adiew*] ad ew F.

Val. To be in loue, where ſcorne is bought with grones;
Coy looks, with hart-ſore ſighes; one fading moments mirth,
With twenty watchfull, weary, tedious nights:
If hap'ly won, perhaps a hapleſſe gaine;
If loſt, why then a grieuous labour won:
How euer, but a folly bought with wit,
Or elſe a wit, by folly vanquiſhëd.
Pro. So, by your circumſtance, you call me 'foole'.
Val. So, by your circumſtance, I feare you'll proue.
Pro. 'Tis Loue you cauill at: I am not Loue.
Val. Loue is your maſter, for he maſters you;
And he that is ſo yokëd by a foole,
Me thinkes, ſhould not be chronicled for wiſe.
Pro. Yet Writers ſay: as in the ſweeteſt Bud,
The eating Canker dwels, ſo eating Loue
Inhabits in the fineſt wits of all.
Val. And Writers ſay: as the moſt forward Bud
Is eaten by the Canker, ere it blow,
Euen ſo by Loue, the yong and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly; blaſting in the Bud,
Looſing his verdure, euen in the prime,
And all the faire effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waſte I time to counſaile thee,
That art a votary to fond deſire?
Once more, adieu! my Father at the Road
Expects my comming, there to ſee me ſhip'd.
Pro. And thither will I bring thee, *Valentine!*
Val. Sweet *Protheus*, no! Now let vs take our leaue!
To *Millaine*, let me heare from thee by Letters,
Of thy ſucceſſe in loue, and what newes elſe
Betideth here in abſence of thy Friend;
And I likewiſe will viſite thee with mine.
Pro. All happineſſe bechance to thee in *Millaine!*
Val. As much to you at home! and ſo, farewell! [*Exit.*
Pro. He after Honour hunts, I after Loue!
He leaues his friends, to dignifie them more;
I leaue my ſelfe, my friends, and all, for loue.
Thou, *Iulia*, thou haſt metamorphis'd me!

---

65. *leaue*] Pope. loue F.

Made me neglect my Studies, looſe my Time;
Warre with good counſaile; ſet the world at nought:
Made Wit with muſing, weake; Hart, ſick with thought!

Enter SPEED.

Sp. Sir *Protheus*, 'ſaue you! ſaw you my Maſter?
Pro. But now he parted hence, to embarque for *Millain*.
Sp. Twenty to one, then, he is ſhip'd already,
And I haue plaid the 'Sheepe' in looſing him!
Pro. Indeede, a Sheepe doth very often ſtray,
And if the Shepheard be awhile away.
Sp. You conclude that my Maſter is a Shepheard, then, and I a Sheepe?
Pro. I doe.
Sp. Why, then, my hornes are his hornes, whether I wake or ſleepe.
Pro. A ſilly anſwere, and fitting well a Sheepe!
Sp. This proues me ſtill a Sheepe.
Pro. True; and thy Maſter a Shepheard!
Sp. Nay, that I can deny by a circumſtance!
Pro. It ſhall goe hard but Ile proue it by another.
Sp. The Shepheard ſeekes the Sheepe, and not the Sheepe, the Shepheard; but I ſeeke my Maſter, and my Maſter ſeekes not me: therefore I am no Sheepe!
Pro. The Sheepe (for fodder) follow the Shepheard, the Shepheard (for foode) followes not the Sheepe; thou (for wages) followeſt thy Maſter, thy Maſter (for wages) followes not thee: therefore thou art a Sheepe!
Sp. Such another proofe will make me cry 'baâ!'
Pro. But, do'ſt thou heare! gau'ſt thou my Letter to *Iulia?*
Sp. I, Sir: I (a loſt-Mutton) gaue your Letter to her (a lac'd-Mutton); and ſhe (a lac'd-Mutton) gaue mee (a loſt-Mutton); nothing for my labour.
Pro. Here's too ſmall a Paſture for ſuch ſtore of Muttons!
Sp. If the ground be ouer-charg'd, you were beſt ſticke her!
Pro. Nay, in that you are aſtray! 'twere beſt pound you!

---

76. *I a Sheepe*] F2. I Sheepe F.

Sp. Nay, Sir, leſſe then a 'pound' ſhall ſerue me for carrying your Letter.

Pro. You miſtake; I meane, 'the pound: a Pinfold.'

Sp. From 'a pound' to 'a pin'? fold it ouer and ouer, 'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your louer.

Pro. But what ſaid ſhe?

Sp. [*first nodding*] I.

Pro. 'Nod I'? why, that's 'noddy'.

Sp. You miſtooke, Sir: I ſay, ſhe did nod; and you aſke me if ſhe did nod; and I ſay, 'I'.

Pro. And that, ſet together, is 'noddy'.

Sp. Now you haue taken the paines to ſet it together, take it for your paines!

Pro. No, no; you ſhall haue it for bearing the letter!

Sp. Well, I perceiue I muſt be faine to beare with you.

Pro. Why, Sir, how doe you 'beare' with me?

Sp. Marry, Sir, the letter, very orderly; hauing nothing but the word 'noddy' for my paines.

Pro. Beſhrew me, but you haue a quicke wit!

Sp. And yet it cannot ouer-take your ſlow purſe.

Pro. Come, come! open the matter in briefe! What ſaid ſhe?

Sp. 'Open' your purſe, that the money, and the matter may be both at once deliuered.

Pro. Well, Sir, here is for your paines. [*Giues him a teſter* (6^{d}).] What ſaid ſhe?

Sp. Truely, Sir, I thinke you'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why? could'ſt thou perceiue ſo much from her?

Sp. Sir, I could perceiue nothing at all from her; no, not ſo much as a ducket for deliuering your letter: and, being ſo hard to me, that brought your minde, I feare ſhe'll proue as hard to you in telling your minde. Giue her no token but ſtones; for ſhe's as hard as ſteele!

Pro. What ſaid ſhe? nothing?

Sp. No, not ſo much as 'take this for thy pains'. To teſtifie your bounty, I thank you, you haue teſtern'd me; in requital whereof, henceforth carry your letters your ſelfe! and ſo, Sir, I'le commend you to my Maſter.

---

107. *first nodding*] Camb. Edd.
135. *testern'd*] F2. cestern'd F.

Pro. Go, go, be gone! to ſaue your Ship from wrack;
Which cannot periſh, hauing thee aboarde,
Being deſtin'd to a drier death on ſhore! [*Exit* SPEED.
I muſt goe ſend ſome better Meſſenger:
I feare my *Iulia* would not daigne my lines,
Receiuing them from ſuch a worthleſſe poſt! [*Exit.*

Actus Primus. Scœna Secunda.

Verona. The Garden of IULIAS *House.*

Enter IULIA *and* LUCETTA.

Iul. But ſay, *Lucetta*, (now we are alone,)
Would'ſt thou, then, counſaile me to fall in loue?
Luc. I, Madam; ſo you ſtumble not vnheedfully.
Iul. Of all the faire reſort of Gentlemen,
That euery day with par'le encounter me,
In thy opinion, which is worthieſt loue?
Lu. Pleaſe you, repeat their names, Ile ſhew my minde,
According to my ſhallow, ſimple ſkill.
Iu. What thinkſt thou of the fair ſir *Eglamoure?*
Lu. As of a Knight well-ſpoken, neat, and fine;
But, were I you, he neuer ſhould be mine!
Iu. What think'ſt thou of the rich *Mercatio?*
Lu. Well of his wealth; but of himſelfe, ſo ſo.
Iu. What think'ſt thou of the gentle *Prothēus?*
Lu. Lord, Lord! to ſee what folly raignes in vs!
Iu. How now! what meanes this paſſion at his name?
Lu. Pardon, deare Madam! 'tis a paſſing ſhame,
That I (vnworthy body as I am)
Should cenſure thus on louely Gentlemen.
Iu. Why not on *Protheus*, as of all the reſt?
Lu. Then thus: of many good, I thinke him beſt.
Iul. Your reaſon?
Lu. I haue no other but a womans reaſon:
I thinke him ſo, becauſe I thinke him ſo!
Iul. And would'ſt thou haue me caſt my loue on him?

The Garden . . .] Malone.

Lu. I, if you thought your loue not caſt away.
Iul. Why, he, of all the reſt, hath neuer mou'd me.
Lu. Yet he, of all the reſt, I thinke, beſt loues ye.
Iul. His little ſpeaking ſhewes his loue but ſmall.
Lu. Fire that's cloſeſt kept, burnes moſt of all.
Iul. They doe not loue, that doe not ſhew their loue.
Lu. Oh, they loue leaſt, that let men know their loue.
Iul. I would I knew his minde!
Lu. Peruſe this paper, Madam! [*Giues a Letter.*
Iul. [*reads*] '*To* Iulia.'—Say, from whom?
Lu. That the Contents will ſhew.
Iul. Say, ſay, who gaue it thee?
Lu. Sir *Valentines* page; & ſent, I think, from *Protheus.*
He would haue giuen it you; but I, being in the way,
Did, in your name, receiue it: pardon the fault, I pray!
Iul. Now, (by my modeſty,) a goodly Broker!
Dare you preſume to harbour wanton lines?
To whiſper, and conſpire againſt my youth?
Now, truſt me, 'tis an office of great worth,
And you an officer fit for the place.
There, take the paper! [*Tossing the letter to* Luc.] ſee it be return'd,
Or elſe returne no more into my ſight!
Lu. To plead for loue, deſerues more fee then hate.
Iul. Will ye be gon?
Lu. That you may ruminate. [*Exit.*
Iul. And yet I would I had ore-look'd the Letter!
It were a ſhame to call her backe againe,
And pray her to a fault, for which I chid her.
What 'foole is ſhe, that knowes I am a Maid,
And would not force the letter to my view!
Since Maides, in modeſty, ſay 'no', to that
Which they would haue the profferer conſtrue, 'I'
Fie, fie, how way-ward is this fooliſh loue,
That (like a teſtie Babe) will ſcratch the Nurſe,
And preſently, all humbled, kiſſe the Rod!
How churliſhly I chid *Lucetta* hence,
When willingly I would haue had her here!
How angerly I taught my brow to frowne,
When inward ioy enforc'd my heart to ſmile!

My pennance is, to call *Lucetta* backe,
And aſke remiſſion for my folly paſt.—
What hoe! *Lucetta!*

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Lu. What would your Ladiſhip?
Iul. Is't neere dinner time?
Lu. [*Dropping the Letter & picking it vp again.*] I would it were!
That you might kill your ſtomacke on your meat,
And not vpon your Maid.
Iu. What is't that you tooke vp ſo gingerly?
Lu. Nothing.
Iu. Why didſt thou ſtoope, then?
Lu. To take a paper vp, that I let fall.
Iul. And is that paper 'nothing'?
Lu. 'Nothing' concerning me.
Iul. Then let it lye for thoſe that it concernes!
Lu. Madam, it will not 'lye' where 'it concernes,'
Vnleſſe it haue a falſe Interpreter.
Iul. Some loue of yours hath writ to you in Rime.
Lu. That I might ſing it (Madam) to a tune.
Giue me a Note: your Ladiſhip can ſet.
Iul. As little by ſuch toyes as may be poſſible.
Beſt ſing it to the tune of '*Light o' Loue!*'
Lu. It is too heauy for ſo 'light' a tune.
Iu. 'Heauy'! belike it hath ſome burden then?
Lu. I; and melodious were it, would you ſing it.
Iu. And why not you?
Lu. I cannot reach ſo high.
Iu. Let's ſee your Song [*Taking the Letter*]. How now! Minion!
Lu. Keepe tune there ſtill, ſo you will ſing it out:
And yet, me thinkes, I do not like this tune.
Iu. You doe not?
Lu. No, (Madam;) tis too ſharpe!
Iu. You (Minion) are too ſaucie!
Lu. Nay, now you are too flat,

83. *o' Loue*] Theobald. O, Loue F.

And marre the concord with too harſh a deſcant:
There wanteth but a Meane to fill your Song.
Iu. The 'meane' is dround with your vnruly baſe.
Lu. Indeede, I 'bid the baſe' for *Prothēus.*
Iu. This babble ſhall not henceforth trouble me.
Here is a coile with proteſtatiõn!
[*Tears and throws down the Letter.* Luc. *offers to take it vp.*
Goe, get you gone, and let the papers lye!
You would be fingring them, to anger me.
Lu. [*ſoftly*] She makes it ſtrange; but ſhe would be beſt
To be ſo angred with another Letter. [*Exit.*
Iu. Nay, would I were 'ſo angred' with the ſame!
Oh hatefull hands, to teare ſuch louing words!
[*Snatches vp pieces of the Letter.*
Iniurious Waſpes, to feede on ſuch ſweet hony,
And kill the Bees, that yeelde it, with your ſtings!
Ile kiſſe each ſeuerall paper, for amends.
Looke, here is writ, '*kinde* Iulia'. Vnkinde *Iulia!*
As in reuenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name againſt the bruzing ſtones,
Trampling contemptuouſly on thy diſdaine!
And here is writ, '*Loue-wounded* Protheus.'
Poore wounded name! my boſome, as a bed,
Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be throughly heal'd;
And thus I ſearch it with a ſoueraigne kiſſe.
But twice, or thrice, was '*Protheus*' written downe.
Be calme, (good winde!) blow not a word away,
Till I haue found each letter in the Letter,
Except mine own name: That, ſome whirle-winde beare
Vnto a ragged, fearefull, hanging Rocke,
And throw it thence into the raging Sea!
Loe, here in one line is his name twice writ:
'*Poore forlorne* Protheus, *paſſionate* Protheus,
To the ſweet Iulia!' (that Ile teare away!)
And yet I will not; ſith, ſo prettily,
He couples it to his complaining Names,

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95. *your*] F2. you F.
102. *Exit.*] F2.
103. *ſame*] ſamc F.

Thus will I fold them, one vpon another.
Now kiſſe, embrace, contend, doe what you will!

Re-enter LUCETTA. IULIA ***drops the pieces of the Letter.***

Lu. Madam,
Dinner is ready, and your father ſtaies.
Iu. Well, let vs goe!
Lu. What, ſhall theſe papers lye, like Tel-tales here?
Iu. If you reſpect them, beſt to take them vp.
Lu. Nay, I was 'taken vp' for laying them downe!
Yet here they ſhall not lye, for catching cold.
Iu. I ſee you haue 'a months minde' to them.
Lu. I, (Madam,) you may ſay what ſights you ſee;
I ſee things too, although you iudge I winke.
Iu. Come, come! wilt pleaſe you goe? [*Exeunt.*

Actus Primus. Scœna Tertia.

Verona. ANTONIOS *House.*

Enter ANTONIO *and* PANTHINO. (*Later,* PROTHEUS.)

Ant. Tell me, *Panthino*, what ſad talke was that,
Wherewith my brother held you in the Cloyſter?
Pan. 'Twas of his Nephew *Prothëus*, your Sonne.
Ant. Why, what of him?
Pan. He wondred, that your Lordſhip
Would ſuffer him to ſpend his youth at home,
While other men, of ſlender reputation,
Put forth their Sonnes, to ſeeke preferment out:
Some, to the warres, to try their fortune there;
Some, to diſcouer Iſlands farre away;
Some, to the ſtudious Vniuerſities.
For any, or for all theſe exerciſes,
He ſaid, that *Prothëus*, your ſonne, was meet;
And did requeſt me, to impórtune you
To let him ſpend his time no more at home;
Which would be great impeachment to his age,

Antonios House.] Theobald.

In hauing knowne no trauaile in his youth.
Ant. Nor need'ſt thou much impórtune me to that,
Whereon, this month, I haue bin hamering.
I haue conſider'd well his loſſe of time;
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being tryed, and tutord in the world:
Experience is by induſtry atchieu'd,
And perfected by the ſwift courſe of time.
Then, tell me, whether were I beſt to ſend him?
Pan. I thinke your Lordſhip is not ignorant,
How his companion, youthfull *Valentine,*
Attends the Emperour in his royall Court.
Ant. I know it well.
Pan. 'Twere good, I thinke, your Lordſhip sent him thither:
There ſhall he practiſe Tilts, and Turnaments;
Heare ſweet diſcourſe; conuerſe with Noble-men;
And be in eye of euery Exerciſe,
Worthy his youth, and nobleneſſe of birth.
Ant. I like thy counſaile; well haſt thou aduis'd!
And, that thou maiſt perceiue how well I like it,
The execution of it ſhall make knowne.
Euen with the ſpeedieſt expeditiõn,
I will diſpatch him to the Emperors Court.
Pan. To morrow, may it pleaſe you, Don *Alphonſo,*
With other Gentlemen of good eſteeme,
Are iournying, to ſalute the Emperor,
And to commend their ſeruice to his will.
Ant. Good company! with them ſhall *Protheus* go!
And, . . . in good time! Now will we breake with him!

Enter PROTHEUS *reading a Letter.*

Pro. Sweet Loue! ſweet lines! ſweet life!
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart!
Here is her oath for loue, her honors paune!
O, that our Fathers would applaud our loues,
To ſeale our happineſſe with their conſents!
Oh, heauenly *Iulia!*
Ant. How now! What Letter are you reading there?

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50. *Pro.*, against this line, in F.

Pro. May't pleaſe your Lordſhip, 'tis a word or two
Of commendations ſent from *Valentine;*
Deliuer'd by a friend, that came from him.
Ant. Lend me the Letter! Let me ſee what newes!
Pro. There is no newes, (my Lord,) but that he writes,
How happily he liues, how well-belou'd,
And daily gracëd by the Emperor;
Wiſhing me with him, partner of his fortune.
Ant. And how ſtand you affected to his wiſh?
Pro. As one relying on your Lordſhips will,
And not depending on his friendly wiſh.
Ant. My will is ſomething ſorted with his wiſh.
Muſe not that I thus ſodainly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there an end!
I am reſolu'd, that thou ſhalt ſpend ſome time
With *Valentinus,* in the Emperors Court:
What maintenance he from his friends receiues,
Like exhibition thou ſhalt haue from me.
To morrow be in readineſſe to goe!
Excuſe it not, for I am peremptory!
Pro. My Lord, I cannot be ſo ſoone prouided:
Pleaſe you, deliberate a day or two!
Ant. Look, what thou want'ſt ſhalbe ſent after thee:
No more of ſtay! to morrow thou muſt goe!
¶ Come on, *Panthino!* you ſhall be imployed,
To haſten on his Expeditiön. [*Exeunt* ANT. *and* PAN.
Pro. Thus haue I ſhund the fire, for feare of burning,
And drench'd me in the ſea, where I am drown'd.
I fear'd to ſhew my Father *Iulias* Letter,
Leaſt he ſhould take exceptions to my loue;
And, with the vantage of mine own excuſe,
Hath he excepted moſt againſt my loue.
Oh, how this ſpring of loue reſembleth [1]
The vncertaine glory of an Aprill day,
Which now ſhewes all the beauty of the Sun,
And by and by a clowd takes all away!

76. *Panthino*] Panthmo F. 77. *Exeunt . . .*] Rowe.
[1] *resemb(e)leth* is here made four syllables.

Re-enter PANTHINO.

Pan. Sir *Prothëus*, your Father calls for you! 88
He is in haſt; therefore, I pray you, go!
Pro. Why, this it is: my heart accords thereto,
And yet a thouſand times it anſwers 'no'. [*Exeunt. Finis.*

Actus Secundus. Scœna Prima.

Millaine. The DUKES *Palace.*

Enter VALENTINE, SPEED, (*and later*, SILUIA.)

Speed. [*picking up a Gloue*] Sir, your Gloue!
Valen. Not mine! my Gloues are on.
Sp. Why, then, this may be yours, for this is but 'one'. 2
Val. Ha! Let me ſee: I, giue it me, it's mine!
Sweet Ornament, that deckes a thing diuine! 4
Ah, *Siluia! Siluia!*
Speed. [*calling*] Madam *Siluia!* Madam *Siluia!*
Val. How now, Sirha?
Speed. Shee is not within hearing, Sir! 8
Val. Why, ſir, who bad you call her?
Speed. Your worſhip, ſir; or elſe I miſtooke.
Val. Well, you'll ſtill be too forward.
Speed. And yet I was laſt chidden for being too ſlow. 12
Val. Goe to, ſir! tell me, do you know Madam *Siluia?*
Speed. Shee that your worſhip loues?
Val. Why, how know you that I am in loue? 15
Speed. Marry, by theſe ſpeciall markes: firſt, you haue learn'd (like Sir *Protheus*) to wreath your Armes like a Male-content; to relliſh a Loue-ſong, like a *Robin*-redbreaſt; to walke alone, like one that had the peſtilence; to ſigh, like a Schoole-boy that had loſt his *A. B. C.*; to weep, like a yong wench that had buried her Grandam; to faſt, like one that takes diet; to watch, like one that feares robbing; to ſpeake puling, like a beggar at Hallow-Maſſe. You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a Cocke; when you

88. *Father calls*] Fathers call's F.
91. *it answers*] it answer's F, which may = its answer's.

walk'd, to walke like one of the Lions; when you faſted, it was preſently after dinner; when you look'd ſadly, it was for want of money. And now you are Metamorphis'd with a Miſtris, that, when I looke on you, I can hardly thinke you my Maſter.

Val. Are all theſe things perceiu'd in me?

Speed. They are all perceiu'd without ye.

Val. 'Without' me? they cannot!

Speed. 'Without' you! nay, that's certaine, for, 'without' you were ſo ſimple, none elſe would: but you are ſo 'without' theſe follies, that theſe follies are within you, and ſhine through you like the water in an Vrinall; that not an eye that ſees you, but is a Phyſician to comment on your Malady.

Val. But, tell me, doſt thou know my Lady *Siluia?*

Speed. Shee that you gaze on ſo, as ſhe ſits at ſupper?

Val. Haſt thou obſeru'd that? euen ſhe, I meane.

Speed. Why, ſir, I know her not.

Val. Do'ſt thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know'ſt her not?

Speed. Is ſhe not hard-fauour'd, ſir?

Val. Not ſo faire (boy) as well-fauour'd.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What doſt thou know?

Speed. That ſhee is 'not ſo faire as' (of you) 'well-fauourd.'

Val. I meane, that her beauty is exquiſite, but her fauour infinite.

Speed. That's becauſe the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

Val. How 'painted'? and how 'out of count'?

Speed. Marry, ſir, ſo 'painted', to make her faire, that no man 'counts of' her beauty.

Val. How eſteem'ſt thou me? I account of her beauty.

Speed. You neuer ſaw her ſince ſhe was deform'd!

Val. How long hath ſhe beene deform'd?

Speed. Euer ſince you lou'd her!

Val. I haue lou'd her euer ſince I ſaw her; and ſtill I ſee her beautifull.

Speed. If you loue her, you cannot ſee her.

Val. Why?

Speed. Becauſe Loue is blinde. O, that you had mine

eyes; or your owne eyes had the lights they were wont to haue, when you chidde at Sir *Protheus*, for going vngarter'd!

Val. What ſhould I ſee then?

Speed. Your owne preſent folly, and her paſſing deformitie! for hee, beeing in loue, could not ſee to garter his hoſe; and you, beeing in loue, cannot ſee to put on your hoſe.

Val. Belike, (boy,) then you are in loue; for laſt morning you could not ſee to wipe my ſhooes.

Speed. True, ſir! I was in loue with my bed: I thanke you, you ſwing'd me for my loue, which makes mee the bolder to chide you for yours.

Val. In concluſion, I ſtand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were ſet, ſo your affection would ceaſe!

Val. Laſt night ſhe enioyn'd me to write ſome lines to one ſhe loues.

Speed. And haue you?

Val. I haue.

Speed. Are they not lamely writt?

Val. No, (Boy,) but as well as I can do them. Peace! here ſhe comes!

Speed. [*aside*] Oh excellent motion! oh exceeding Puppet! Now will he interpret to her!

Enter SILVIA.

Val. Madam & Miſtres, a thouſand good-morrows!

Speed. [*aside*] Oh, 'giue ye-good-ev'n! heer's a million of manners!

Sil. Sir *Valentine* and ſeruant, to you two thouſand!

Speed. [*aside*] He ſhould giue her intereſt, & ſhe giues it him!

Val. As you inioynd me, I haue writ your Letter,
Vnto the ſecret, nameles friend of yours;
Which I was much vnwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your Ladiſhip. [*Giues her a Letter*

Sil. I thanke you, (gentle Seruant:) 'tis very Clerkly done.

Val. Now truſt me, (Madam,) it came hardly off;
For, being ignorant to whom it goes,

86, 89, 92. *aside*] Capell.

I writ at randome, very doubtfully.
Sil. Perchance you think too much of ſo much pains?
Val. No, (Madam;) ſo it ſteed you, I will write
(Pleaſe you command) a thouſand times as much!
And yet . . .
Sil. A pretty period! well, I gheſſe the ſequell:
'And yet,' I will not name it: 'and yet,' I care not:
'And yet,' take this againe [*Offers the Letter*]: 'and yet,'
I thanke you;
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.
Speed. [*aside*] 'And yet,' you will: 'and yet,' another 'yet'.
Val. What meanes your Ladiſhip? Doe you not like it?
Sil. Yes, yes! the lines are very queintly writ;
But (ſince vnwillingly) take them againe!
Nay, take them! [*Giues back the Letter.*
Val. Madam, they are for you!
Silu. I, I: you writ them, Sir, at my requeſt;
But I will none of them; they are for you!
I would haue had them writ more mouingly.
Val. Pleaſe you, Ile write your Ladiſhip another.
Sil. And, when it's writ, for my ſake, read it ouer;
And, if it pleaſe you, ſo! if not, why, ſo!
Val. If it pleaſe me, (Madam,) what then?
Sil. Why, if it pleaſe you, take it for your labour!
And ſo, good-morrow, Seruant! [*Exit* SIL.
Speed. [*aside*] Oh Ieſt vnſeene, inſcrutible, inuiſible,
As a noſe on a mans face, or a Wethercocke on a ſteeple!
My Maſter ſues to her; and ſhe hath taught her Sutor,
He being her Pupill, to become her Tutor!
Oh excellent deuiſe! was there euer heard a better! [Letter?
That my maſter, being ſcribe, to himſelfe ſhould write the
Val. How now, Sir? What are you reaſoning with your
ſelfe?
Speed. Nay, I was riming: 'tis you *that* haue the reaſon.
Val. To doe what?
Speed. To be a Spokeſ-man from Madam *Siluia.*
Val. To whom?
Speed. To your ſelfe! why, ſhe woes[1] you by a figure!

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110. *aside*] Rowe.

[1] *woes* = wooes.

Val. What figure?
Speed. By a Letter, I ſhould ſay.
Val. Why, ſhe hath not writ to me!
Speed. What need ſhe, when ſhee hath made you write to your ſelfe? Why, doe you not perceiue the ieſt?
Val. No, beleeue me!
Speed. No beleeuing you, indeed, ſir! But did you perceiue her earneſt?
Val. She gaue me none, except an angry word.
Speed. Why, ſhe hath giuen you a Letter!
Val. That's the Letter I writ to her friend.
Speed. And *that* Letter hath ſhe deliuer'd, & there an end!
Val. I would it were no worſe!
Speed. Ile warrant you, 'tis as well:
For often haue you writ to her; and ſhe, in modeſty,
Or elſe for want of idle time, could not againe reply;
Or fearing els ſome meſſenger, *that* might her mind diſcouer,
Her ſelf hath taught her Loue himſelf, to write vnto her
All this I ſpeak 'in print', for 'in print' I found it. [leuer.
Why muſe you, ſir? 'tis dinner time.
Val. I haue dyn'd.
Speed. I, but hearken, ſir! though the Cameleon Loue can feed on the ayre, I am one that am nouriſh'd by my victuals, and would faine haue meate! Oh, bee not like your Miſtreſſe! be moued! be moued! [*Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scœna Secunda.

Verona. IULIAS *House.*

Enter PROTHEUS, IULIA, (*and later,* PANTHINO.)

Pro. Haue patience, gentle *Iulia!*
Iul. I muſt, where is no remedy!
Pro. When poſſibly I can, I will returne.
Iul. If you turne not, you will return the ſooner.
Keepe this remembrance for thy *Iulia's* ſake!
[*Giues him a Ring.*

Panthino.] Panthion. F.
5. *Giues . . .*] Giving a ring. Rowe.

Pro. Why, then, wee'll make exchange: Here, take you this! [*Gives her a Ring.*

Iul. And ſeale the bargaine with a holy kiſſe!

Pro. Here is my hand, for my true conſtancie!
And when that howre ore-ſlips me in the day,
Wherein I ſigh not (*Iulia*) for thy ſake,
The next enſuing howre, ſome foule miſchance
Torment me for my Loues forgetfulneſſe!
My father ſtaies my comming; anſwere not!
The tide is now: nay, not thy 'tide' of teares;
That 'tide' will ſtay me longer then I ſhould.
Iulia, farewell! [*Exit* IULIA.
What! gon without a word?
I, ſo true loue ſhould doe: it cannot ſpeake;
For truth hath better, deeds, then words, to grace it!

Enter PANTHINO.

Panth. Sir *Protheus*, you are ſtaid for!

Pro. Goe; I come, I come!
Alas, this parting ſtrikes poore Louers dumbe! [*Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Tertia.

Verona. A Street.

Enter LAUNCE, *leading his dog* CRAB. (*Later,* PANTHINO.)

Launce. Nay, 'twill bee this howre ere I haue done weeping! all the kinde of the *Launces* haue this very fault. I haue receiu'd my proportion, like the Prodigious Sonne, and am going with Sir *Protheus* to the Imperialls Court. I thinke *Crab*, my dog, be the ſowreſt-natured dogge that liues! My Mother weeping, my Father wayling, my Siſter crying, our Maid howling, our Catte wringing her hands, and all our houſe in a great perplexitie, yet did not this cruell-hearted Curre ſhedde one teare! he is a ſtone, a very pibble ſtone, and has no more pitty in him then a dogge! a

16. *Exit Iulia.*] Rowe. *Panthino.*] Panthion. F.

Iew would haue wept to haue ſeene our parting! why, my Grandam, hauing no eyes, (looke you,) wept her ſelfe blinde [12 at my parting! Nay, Ile ſhew you the manner of it! This ſhooe is my father: no, this left ſhooe is my father: no, no, this left ſhooe is my mother: nay, that cannot bee ſo neyther: yes, it is ſo, it is ſo! it hath the worſer ſole. This ſhooe, [16 with the hole in it, is my mother; and this, my father; a veng'ance on't! there 'tis! Now, ſir! this ſtaffe is my ſiſter; for (looke you) ſhe is as white as a lilly, and as ſmall as a wand: this hat is *Nan*, our maid: I am the dogge: no, [20 the dogge is himſelfe, and I am the dogge: Oh! the dogge is me, and I am my ſelfe: I, ſo, ſo! Now come I to my Father: 'Father, your bleſſing!' now ſhould not the ſhooe ſpeake a word for weeping: now ſhould I kiſſe my [24 Father; well, hee weepes on. Now come I to my Mother: (Oh, that ſhe could ſpeake now, like a wood woman!) well, I kiſſe her: why there 'tis! heere's my mothers breath vp and downe! Now come I to my ſiſter: marke the [28 moane ſhe makes! Now the dogge all this while ſheds not a teare, nor ſpeakes a word! but ſee how I lay the duſt with my teares! 31

Enter PANTHINO.

Panth. Launce! away, away! a Boord! thy Maſter is ſhip'd, and thou art to poſt after with oares. What's the matter? why weep'ſt thou, man? Away, aſſe! you'l looſe the Tide, if you tarry any longer. 35

Laun. It is no matter if the Tide were loſt; for it is the vnkindeſt Tide, that euer any man tide.

Panth. What's the vnkindeſt 'Tide'?

Lau. Why, he that's tide here, *Crab*, my dog. 39

Pant. Tut, man! I meane thou'lt looſe the flood; and, in looſing the flood, looſe thy voyage; and, in looſing thy voyage, looſe thy Maſter; and, in looſing thy Maſter, looſe thy ſeruice; and, in looſing thy ſeruice [LAUNCE *puts his hand to* PAN.S *mouth*]; . . . Why doſt thou ſtop my mouth? 44

Laun. For feare thou ſhouldſt looſe thy tongue.

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26. *wood woman*] Theobald. would-woman F.

36, 37, 39. *Tide* = tied.

Panth. Where ſhould I looſe my tongue?
Laun. In thy Tale!
Panth. 'In thy Taile'?
Laun. 'Looſe the Tide', and the 'voyage', and the 'Maſter', and the 'Seruice', and the 'Tide'! Why, man, if the Riuer were drie, I am able to fill it with my teares; if the winde were downe, I could driue the boate with my ſighes!
Panth. Come! come away, man! I was ſent to call thee.
Lau. Sir, 'call' me what thou dar'ſt.
Pant. Wilt thou goe?
Laun. Well, I will goe. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Quarta.

Millaine. The DUKES *Palace.*

Enter VALENTINE, SILUIA, THURIO, *and* SPEED. (*Later,* DUKE, *and* PROTHEUS.)

Sil. Seruant!
Val. Miſtris!
(*Spee.* [*aside*] Maſter, Sir *Thurio* frownes on you.
Val. [*aside*] I, Boy, it's for loue.
Spee. Not of you.
Val. Of my Miſtreſſe, then.
Spee. 'Twere good you knockt him.)
Sil. Seruant, you are ſad.
Val. Indeed, Madam, I ſeeme ſo.
Thu. 'Seeme' you that you are not?
Val. Hap'ly I doe.
Thu. So doe Counterfeyts.
Val. So doe you.
Thu. What ſeeme I that I am not?
Val. Wiſe.
Thu. What inſtance of the contrary?
Val. Your folly.
Thu. And how quoat you my folly?

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48. *Panth*] Pauth (turned *n*) F.
50. *Tide* = tied.

Val. I 'quoat'[1] it in your Ierkin.
Thu. My Ierkin is a doublet.
Val. Well, then, Ile 'double' your folly.
Thu. How!
Sil. What! angry, Sir *Thurio*? do you change colour?
Val. Giue him leaue, Madam! he is a kind of Camelion.
Thu. That hath more minde to feed on your bloud, then liue in your ayre!
Val. You haue ſaid, Sir!
Thu. I, Sir, and done too, for this time!
Val. I know it wel, ſir; you alwaies end ere you begin.
Sil. A fine volly of words, gentlemen, & quickly ſhot off!
Val. 'Tis indeed, Madam; we thank the giuer.
Sil. Who is that, Seruant?
Val. Your ſelfe, (ſweet Lady;) for you gaue the fire. Sir *Thurio* borrows his wit from your Ladiſhips lookes, and ſpends what he borrowes (kindly) in your company.
Thu. Sir, if you ſpend word for word with me, I ſhall make your wit bankrupt.
Val. I know it well, ſir; you haue an Exchequer of words, and, I thinke, no other treaſure to giue your followers, for it appeares, by their bare Liueries, that they liue by your 'bare' words.
Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more!—Here comes my father.

Enter DUKE.

Duk. Now, daughter *Siluia*, you are hard beſet.
¶ Sir *Valentine*, your father's in good health:
What ſay you to a Letter from your friends,
Of much good newes?
Val. My Lord, I will be thankfull
To any happy meſſenger from thence.
Duk. Know ye Don *Antonio*, your Countriman?
Val. I, my good Lord, I know the Gentleman
To be of worth, and worthy eſtimation;
And, not without deſert, ſo well reputed.
Duk. Hath he not a Sonne?

[1] *quoat* = coat. Cp. *qualme* = calm, in *L. L. L.*, V. ii. 279.
45. *father's*] father is F.

Val. I, my good Lord; a Son, that well deſerues
The honor, and regard, of ſuch a father.
Duk. You know him well?
Val. I knew[1] him as my ſelfe; for, from our Infancie,
We haue conuerſt, and ſpent our howres together:
And though my ſelfe haue beene an idle Trewant,
(Omitting the ſweet benefit of time,
To cloath mine age with Angel-like perfection,)
Yet hath Sir *Prothëus* (for that's his name)
Made vſe, and faire aduantage, of his daies:
His yeares but yong, but his experience old;
His head vn-mellowed, but his Iudgement ripe;
And in a word, (for far behinde his worth,
Comes all the praiſes that I now beſtow,)
He is compleat in feature, and in minde,
With all good grace, to grace a Gentleman.
Duk. Beſhrew me, ſir, but, if he make this good,
He is as worthy for an Empreſſe loue,
As meet to be an Emperors Councellor.
Well, Sir; this Gentleman is come to me,
With Commendation from great Potentates;
And heere he meanes to ſpend his time a while:
I thinke 'tis no vn-welcome newes to you.
Val. Should I haue wiſh'd a thing, it had beene he!
Duk. Welcome him, then, according to his worth!
Siluia, I ſpeake to you; ¶ and you, Sir *Thurio:*
(¶ For *Valentine,* I need not cite him to it:)
I will ſend him hither to you preſently. [*Exit.*
Val. This is the Gentleman, I told your Ladiſhip,
Had come along with me, but that his Miſtreſſe
Did hold his eyes lockt in her Chriſtall lookes.
Sil. Be-like that now ſhe hath enfranchis'd them,
Vpon ſome other pawne for fealty.
Val. Nay, ſure, I thinke ſhe holds them priſoners ſtil.
Sil. Nay, then he ſhould be blind; and, being blind,
How could he ſee his way to ſeeke out you?
Val. Why, Lady, Loue hath twenty paire of eyes!
Thur. They ſay that Loue hath not an eye at all.

[1] So F. *know* Hanmer.

81. *Exit.*] Rowe.

Val. To ſee ſuch Louers, *Thurio*, as your ſelfe:
Vpon a homely obiect, Loue can winke.
Sil. Haue done, haue done! here comes ye gentleman.

Enter PROTHEUS.

Val. Welcome, deer *Protheus!* ¶ Miſtris, I beſeech you,
Confirme his welcome, with ſome ſpeciall fauor!
Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hether,
If this be he you oft haue wiſh'd to heare from.
Val. Miſtris, it is: ſweet Lady, entertaine him,
To be my fellow-ſeruant to your Ladiſhip!
Sil. Too low a Miſtres for ſo high a ſeruant!
Pro. Not ſo, ſweet Lady; but too meane a ſeruant
To haue a looke of ſuch a worthy Miſtreſſe!
Val. Leaue off diſcourſe of diſabilitie!
¶ Sweet Lady, entertaine him for your Seruant!
Pro. My dutie will I boaſt of, nothing elſe!
Sil. And dutie neuer yet did want his meed:
Seruant, you are welcome to a worthleſſe Miſtreſſe.
Pro. Ile die on him that ſaies ſo but your ſelfe!
Sil. That you are 'welcome'?
Pro. That you are 'worthleſſe'!

Enter a Seruant.

Seru. Madam, my Lord your father wold ſpeak with you.
Sil. I wait vpon his pleaſure. [*Exit* Seruant.] ¶ Come, Sir *Thurio*,
Goe with me! ¶ Once more, new Seruant, welcome!
Ile leaue you to confer of home affaires;
When you haue done, we looke to heare from you.
Pro. Wee'll both attend vpon your Ladiſhip.
[*Exeunt* SILVIA, *and* THURIO.
Val. Now, tell me, how do al from whence you came?
Pro. Your frends are wel, & haue them much commended.
Val. And how doe yours?
Pro. I left them all in health.

103. *worthy Mistresse*] worthy a Mistresse F.
110. *Enter a Seruant.*] Theobald.
111. *Seru.*] Theobald. Thur. F.
112. *Exit Seruant.*] Theobald.
115. *to*] too F.
116. *Exeunt . . .*] Rowe.

Val. How does your Lady? & how thriues your loue?
Pro. My tales of Loue were wont to weary you;
I know you ioy not in a Loue-diſcourſe.
Val. I, *Protheus*, but that life is alter'd now:
I haue done pennance for contemning Loue,
Whoſe high emperious thoughts haue punith'd me
With bitter faſts, with penitentiall grones,
With nightly teares, and daily hart-ſore ſighes;
For, in reuenge of my contempt of loue,
Loue hath chas'd ſleepe from my enthrallēd eyes,
And made them watchers of mine owne hearts ſorrow.
O gentle *Protheus!* Loue's a mighty Lord;
And hath ſo humbled me, as, I confeſſe,
There is no woe to his correctiōn,
Nor, to his Seruice, no ſuch ioy on earth!
Now, no diſcourſe, except it be of loue!
Now can I breake my faſt, dine, ſup, and ſleepe,
Vpon the very naked name of Loue!
Pro. Enough! I read your fortune in your eye.
Was this the Idoll, that you worſhip ſo?
Val. Euen She; and is ſhe not a heauenly Saint?
Pro. No; but ſhe is an earthly Paragon.
Val. Call her diuine!
Pro. I will not flatter her.
Val. O flatter me! for Loue delights in praiſes.
Pro. When I was ſick, you gaue me bitter pils;
And I muſt miniſter the like to you.
Val. Then ſpeake the truth by her; if not diuine,
Yet let her be a principalitie,
Soueraigne to all the Creatures on the earth.
Pro. Except my Miſtreſſe!
Val. Sweet, 'except' not any;
'Except' thou wilt 'except' againſt my Loue.
Pro. Haue I not reaſon to prefer mine owne?
Val. And I will help thee 'to prefer' her too;
Shee ſhall be dignified with this high honour:
To beare my Ladies traine, leſt the baſe earth
Should from her veſture chance to ſteale a kiſſe,

152. *too*] to F.

And, of ſo great a fauor growing proud,
Diſdaine to roote the Sommer-ſwelling flowre,
And make rough winter euerlaſtingly!
Pro. Why, *Valentine*, what Bragadiſme is this?
Val. Pardon me, (*Protheus!*) all I can, is nothing,
To her, whoſe worth makes other worthies nothing;
Shee is alone!
Pro. Then let her alone!
Val. Not for the world! why, man, ſhe is mine owne!
And I as rich, in hauing ſuch a Iewell,
As twenty Seas, if all their ſand were pearle,
The water, Nectar, and the Rocks, pure gold!
Forgiue me, that I doe not dreame on thee,
Becauſe thou ſeeſt me doate vpon my loue!
My fooliſh Riuall, that her Father likes,
(Onely for his poſſeſſions are ſo huge,)
Is gone with her along; and I muſt after,
For Loue (thou know'ſt) is full of iealouſie.
Pro. But ſhe loues you?
Val. I, and we are betroathd: nay, more, our mariage
(With all the cunning manner of our flight)
Determin'd of: how I muſt climbe her window;
The Ladder made of Cords; and all the means
Plotted, and 'greed on, for my happineſſe.
Good *Protheus*, goe with me to my chamber,
In theſe affaires, to aid me with thy counſaile!
Pro. Goe on before! I ſhall enquire you forth:
I muſt vnto the Road, to diſ-embarque
Some neceſſaries, that I needs muſt vſe;
And then Ile preſently attend you.
Val. Will you make haſte?
Pro. I will. [*Exeunt* VALENTINE *and* SPEED.
Euen as one heate, another heate expels,
Or as one naile, by ſtrength driues out another,
So, the remembrance of my former Loue,
Is, by a newer obiect, quite forgotten!
Is it mine eye, or *Valentinës* praiſe,

161. *makes*] make F.
186. *Exeunt*...] Dyce. Exit. F.
191. *Is it mine eye*] Theobald (Warburton). It is mine F.

Her true perfection, or my falſe tranſgreſſion,
That makes me, reaſonleſſe, to reaſon thus?
Shee is faire; and ſo is *Iulia*, that I loue,
(That I did loue, for now my loue is thaw'd,
Which, like a waxen Image 'gainſt a fire,
Bears no impreſſion of the thing it was.)
Me thinkes, my zeale to *Valentine* is cold,
And that I loue him not as I was wont:
O, but I loue his Lady too too much!
And that's the reaſon I loue him ſo little.
How ſhall I doate on her with more aduice,
That thus, without aduice, begin to loue her!
'Tis but her picture I haue yet beheld,
And that hath dazeled my reaſons light;
But, when I looke on her perfections,
There is no reaſon, but I ſhall be blinde.
If I can checke my erring loue, I will;
If not, to compaſſe her, Ile vſe my ſkill! [*Exit.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Quinta.

Millaine. A Street.

Enter SPEED *and* LAUNCE (*with his dog* CRAB) *ſeuerally.*

Speed. Launce! by mine honeſty, welcome to *Padua!*[1]

Laun. Forſweare not thy ſelfe, ſweet youth; for I am not welcome. I reckon this alwaies: that a man is neuer vndon till hee be hang'd; nor neuer welcome to a place, till ſome certaine ſhot be paid, and the Hoſteſſe ſay 'welcome!'

Speed. Come on, you mad-cap! Ile to the Ale-houſe with you preſently; where, for one ſhot of fiue pence, thou ſhalt haue fiue thouſand welcomes. But, ſirha, how did thy Maſter part with Madam *Iulia?*

Lau. Marry, after they cloas'd in earneſt, they parted very fairely in ieſt.

Spee. But ſhall ſhe marry him?

Lau. No.

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205. *dazeled*] dazel'd F. 209. *Exit.*] F2. Exeunt F.
[1] So F. *Milan* Pope.

Spee. How, then? ſhall he marry her?
Lau. No, neither.
Spee. What, are they broken?
Lau. No, they are both as whole as a fiſh.
Spee. Why, then, how ſtands the matter with them?
Lau. Marry, thus; when it 'ſtands' well with him, it 'ſtands' well with her.
Spee. What an aſſe art thou! I vnderſtand thee not.
Lau. What a blocke art thou, that thou canſt not! My ſtaffe 'vnderſtands' me.
Spee. What thou ſaiſt?
Lau. I, and what I do, too: looke thee, Ile but leane, and my ſtaffe 'vnderſtands' me.
Spee. It ſtands vnder thee, indeed.
Lau. Why, 'ſtand-vnder' and 'vnder-ſtand' is all one.
Spee. But tell me true, wil't be a match?
Lau. Aſke my dogge: if he ſay 'I', it will; if hee ſay 'no', it will; if hee ſhake his taile, and ſay nothing, it will.
Spee. The concluſion is, then, that 'it will'.
Lau. Thou ſhalt neuer get ſuch a ſecret from me, but by a parable.
Spee. 'Tis well that I get it ſo. But, *Launce*, how ſaiſt thou, that my maſter is become a notable Louer?
Lau. I neuer knew him otherwiſe.
Spee. Then how?
Lau. A notable 'Lubber', as thou reporteſt him to bee.
Spee. Why, thou whorſon Aſſe, thou miſtak'ſt me!
Lau. Why, Foole, I meant not thee; I meant thy Maſter!
Spee. I tell thee, my Maſter is become a hot Louer.
Lau. Why, I tell thee, I care not, though hee burne himſelfe in Loue. If thou wilt, goe with me to the Ale-houſe; if not, thou art an *Hebrew*, a *Iew*, and not worth the name of a Chriſtian!
Spee. Why?
Lau. Becauſe thou haſt not ſo much charity in thee as to goe to the Ale with a Chriſtian. Wilt thou goe?
Spee. At thy ſeruice! [*Exeunt.*

36. *that*] F2. that that F.

Actus Secundus. Scœna Sexta.

Millaine. The DUKES *Palace.*

Enter PROTHEUS *ſolus.*

Pro. To leaue my *Iulia*, ſhall I be forſworne!
To loue faire *Siluia*, ſhall I be forſworne!
To wrong my friend, I ſhall be much forſworne!
And ev'n that Powre, which gaue me firſt my oath,
Prouokes me to this three-fold periurie:
Loue bad mee ſweare, and Loue bids me for-ſweare.
O ſweet-ſuggeſting Loue, if thou haſt ſin'd,
Teach me (thy tempted subiect) to excuſe it!
At firſt I did adore a twinkling Starre,
But now I worſhip a celeſtiall Sunne!
Vn-heedfull vowes may heedfully be broken;
And he wants wit, that wants reſoluëd will
To learne his wit t'exchange the bad for better.
(Fie, fie, vnreuerend tongue! to call her 'bad',
Whoſe ſoueraignty ſo oft thou haſt preferd
With twenty thouſand ſoule-confirming oathes.)
I cannot leaue to loue, and yet I doe;
But there I leaue to loue, where I ſhould loue.
Iulia I looſe, and *Valentine* I looſe:
If I keepe them, I needs muſt looſe my ſelfe;
If I looſe them, thus finde I, (by their loſſe,)
For *Valentine*, my ſelfe; for *Iulia*, *Siluia*.
I, to my ſelfe, am deerer then a friend,
For Loue is ſtill moſt precious in it ſelfe;
And *Siluia* (witneſſe heauen, that made her faire!)
Shewes *Iulia* but a ſwarthy *Ethiope*.
I will forget that *Iulia* is aliue,
Remembring that my Loue to her is dead;
And *Valentine*, Ile hold an Enemie,
Ayming at *Siluia* as a ſweeter friend!
I cannot now proue conſtant to my ſelfe,
Without ſome treachery vs'd to *Valentine*.

This night, he meaneth (with a Corded-ladder)
To climbe celeſtiall *Siluia's* chamber window;
My ſelfe, in counſaile, his competitor.
Now preſently Ile giue her father notice
Of their diſguiſing, and pretended flight;
Who (all inrag'd) will baniſh *Valentine;*
For, *Thurio,* he intends, ſhall wed his daughter:
But, *Valentine* being gon, Ile quickely croſſe
(By ſome ſlie tricke) blunt *Thurio's* dull proceeding.
Loue, lend me wings, to make my purpoſe ſwift,
As thou haſt lent me wit, to plot this drift! [*Exit.*

Actus Secundus. Scœna Septima.

Verona. IULIAS *House.*

Enter IULIA *and* LUCETTA.

Iul. Counſaile, *Lucetta!* gentle girl, aſſiſt me!
And, eu'n in kinde loue, I doe coniure thee
(Who art the Table wherein all my thoughts
Are viſibly Charácter'd and engrau'd)
To leſſon me; and tell me ſome good meane,
How (with my honour) I may vndertake
A iourney to my louing *Prothëus.*
Luc. Alas, the way is weariſome and long!
Iul. A true-deuoted Pilgrime is not weary
To meaſure Kingdomes with his feeble ſteps;
Much leſſe ſhall ſhe that hath Loues wings to flie,
And when the flight is made to one ſo deere,
Of ſuch diuine perfection, as Sir *Protheus!*
Luc. Better forbeare, till *Protheus* make returne.
Iul. Oh, know'ſt *thou* not, his looks are my ſoules food?
Pitty the dearth that I haue pinëd in,
By longing for that food ſo long a time!
Didſt thou but know the inly touch of Loue,
Thou wouldſt as ſoone goe kindle fire with ſnow,
As ſeeke to quench the fire of Loue with words!
Luc. I doe not ſeeke to quench your Loues hot fire,
But qualifie the fires éxtreame rage,

Leſt it ſhould burne aboue the bounds of reaſon.
Iul. The more thou dam'ſt it vp, the more it burnes!
The Current, that with gentle murmure glides,
(Thou know'ſt,) being ſtop'd, impatiently doth rage;
But, when his faire courſe is not hinderëd,
He makes ſweet muſicke with th'enameld ſtones,
Giuing a gentle kiſſe to euery ſedge
He ouer-taketh in his pilgrimage;
And ſo, by many winding nookes, he ſtraies,
With willing ſport, to the wilde Oceän.
Then let me goe, and hinder not my courſe!
Ile be as patient as a gentle ſtreame,
And make a paſtime of each weary ſtep,
Till the laſt ſtep haue brought me to my Loue;
And there Ile reſt, as, after much turmoile,
A bleſſëd ſoule doth, in *Elizium*!
Luc. But in what habit will you goe along?
Iul. Not like a woman; for I would preuent
The looſe encounters of laſciuious men:
Gentle *Lucetta*, fit me with ſuch weedes
As may beſeeme ſome well-reputed Page!
Luc. Why, then, your Ladiſhip muſt cut your haire.
Iul. No, girle: Ile knit it vp in ſilken ſtrings,
With twentie od-conceited true-loue knots:
To be fantaſtique, may become a youth
Of greater time then I ſhall ſhew to be.
Luc. What faſhion (Madam) ſhall I make your breeches?
Iul. That fits as well as, 'tell me, (good my Lord,)
What compaſſe will you weare your Farthingale?'
Why, eu'n what faſhion thou beſt likes (*Lucetta.*)
Luc. You muſt needs haue them with a cod-peece, (Madam.)
Iul. Out, out, (*Lucetta!*) that wilbe ill-fauourd.
Luc. A round hoſe, (Madam,) now's not worth a pin,
Vnleſſe you haue a cod-peece to ſtick pins on.
Iul. *Lucetta*, as thou lou'ſt me, let me haue
What thou think'ſt meet, and is moſt mannerly!
But tell me, (wench,) how will the world repute me,

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52. So F. *likest* Pope.

For vndertaking ſo vnſtaid a iourney?
I feare me, it will make me ſcandaliz'd.
Luc. If you thinke ſo, then ſtay at home, and go not!
Iul. Nay, that I will not!
Luc. Then neuer dreame on Infamy, but go!
If *Protheus* like your iourney, when you come,
No matter who's diſpleas'd, when you are gone:
I feare me, he will ſcarce be pleas'd with all.
Iul. That is the leaſt (*Lucetta*) of my feare:
A thouſand oathes, an Ocean of his teares,
And inſtances of infinite of Loue,
Warrant me welcome to my *Prothëus.*
Luc. All theſe are ſeruants to deceitfull men.
Iul. Baſe men, that vſe them to ſo baſe effect!
But truer ſtarres did gouerne *Protheus* birth:
His words are bonds, his oathes are oracles;
His loue, ſincere; his thoughts, immaculate;
His teares, pure meſſengers ſent from his heart;
His heart, as far from fraud as heauen from earth!
Luc. Pray heau'n he proue ſo, when you come to him!
Iul. Now, as thou lou'ſt me, do him not that wrong,
To beare a hard opinion of his truth;
Onely deſerue my loue, by louing him!
And preſently goe with me to my chamber,
To take a note of what I ſtand in need of,
To furniſh me vpon my longing iourney.
All that is mine, I leaue at thy diſpoſe,
My goods, my Lands, my reputatiõn,
Onely, in lieu thereof, diſpatch me hence!
Come, anſwere not, but to it preſently!
I am impatient of my tarriance. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Millaine. The DUKES *Palace.*

Enter DUKE, THURIO, *and* PROTHEUS. (*Later,* VALENTINE, LAUNCE, *and* SPEED.)

Duke. Sir *Thurio,* giue vs leaue (I pray) a while!
We haue ſome ſecrets to confer about. [*Exit* THU.
¶ Now, tell me, *Protheus,* what's your will with me?
Pro. My gracious Lord, that which I wold diſcouer,
The Law of friendſhip bids me to conceale;
But, when I call to minde your gracious fauours
Done to me, (vndeſeruing as I am,)
My dutie pricks me on to vtter that
Which elſe no worldly good ſhould draw from me!
Know, (worthy Prince,) Sir *Valentine,* my friend,
This night intends to ſteale away your daughter:
My ſelfe am one made priuy to the plot.
I know, you haue determin'd to beſtow her
On *Thurio,* whom your gentle daughter hates;
And ſhould ſhe thus be ſtolne away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus, (for my duties ſake,) I rather choſe
To croſſe my friend in his intended drift,
Then (by concealing it) heap on your head
A pack of ſorrowes, which would preſſe you downe
(Being vnpreuented) to your timeleſſe graue.
Duke. Protheus, I thank thee for thine honeſt care,
Which to requite, command me while I liue!
This loue of theirs, my ſelfe haue often ſeene,
Haply, when they haue iudg'd me faſt aſleepe;
And oftentimes haue purpos'd to forbid
Sir *Valentine,* her companie, and my Court:
But, fearing leſt my iealous ayme might erre,
And ſo (vnworthily) diſgrace the man,
(A raſhneſſe that I euer yet haue ſhun'd,)

2. *Exit Thu.*] Rowe. 6. *your*] yonr (turned *u*) F.

I gaue him gentle lookes; thereby to finde
That which thy ſelfe haſt now diſclos'd to me.
And, that thou maiſt perceiue my feare of this,
(Knowing that tender youth is ſoone ſuggeſted,)
I nightly lodge her in an vpper Towre,
The key whereof, my ſelfe haue euer kept;
And thence ſhe cannot be conuay'd away.
Pro. Know, (noble Lord,) they haue deuis'd a meane,
How he her chamber-window will aſcend,
And, with a Corded-ladder, fetch her downe;
For which, the youthfull Louer now is gone,
And this way comes he with it preſently;
Where (if it pleaſe you) you may intercept him.
But (good my Lord) doe it ſo cunningly,
That my diſcouery be not aimëd at;
For, loue of you, not hate vnto my friend,
Hath made me publiſher of this pretence.
Duke. Vpon mine Honor, he ſhall neuer know
That I had any light from thee of this!
Pro. Adiew, my Lord! Sir *Valentine* is comming. [*Exit.*

Enter VALENTINE.

Duk. Sir *Valentine*, whether away ſo faſt?
Val. Pleaſe it your Grace, there is a Meſſenger
That ſtayes to beare my Letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliuer them.
Duk. Be they of much import?
Val. The tenure of them doth but ſignifie,
My health and happy being at your Court.
Duk. Nay, then, no matter! ſtay with me a while!
I am to breake with thee of ſome affaires,
That touch me neere, wherein thou muſt be ſecret.
'Tis not vnknown to thee, that I haue ſought
To match my friend, Sir *Thurio*, to my daughter.
Val. I know it well, (my Lord;) and, ſure, the Match
Were rich and honourable; beſides, the gentleman
Is full of Vertue, Bounty, Worth, and Qualities
Beſeeming ſuch a Wife as your faire daughter:

50. *Exit.*] Rowe.

Cannot your Grace win her to fancie him?
Duk. No, truſt me! She is peeuiſh, ſullen, froward,
Prowd, diſobedient, ſtubborne, lacking duty;
Neither regarding that ſhe is my childe,
Nor fearing me as if I were her father!
And, may I ſay to thee, this pride of hers
(Vpon aduice) hath drawne my loue from her;
And, where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should haue beene cheriſh'd by her child-like dutie,
I now am full reſolu'd to take a wife,
And turne her out to who will take her in:
Then let her beauty be her wedding dowre;
For, me and my poſſeſſions, ſhe eſteemes not!
Val. What would your Grace haue me to do in this?
Duk. There is a Lady in *Verona* heere,[1]
Whom I affect; but ſhe is nice, and coy,
And naught eſteemes my agëd eloquence:
Now therefore would I haue thee to my Tutor,
(For long agone I haue forgot to court;
Beſides, the faſhion of the time is chang'd,)
How, and which way, I may beſtow my ſelfe,
To be regarded in her ſun-bright eye.
Val. Win her with gifts, if ſhe reſpect not words!
Dumbe Iewels often, in their ſilent kinde,
More then quicke words, doe moue a womans minde.
Duk. But ſhe did ſcorne a preſent that I ſent her.
Val. A woman ſomtime ſcorns what beſt contents her.
Send her another! neuer giue her ore!
For ſcorne at firſt, makes after-loue the more.
If ſhe doe frowne, 'tis not in hate of you;
But rather to beget more loue in you:
If ſhe doe chide, 'tis not to haue you gone;
For why the fooles are mad, if left alone.
Take no repulſe, what euer ſhe doth ſay!
For 'get you gon!' ſhe doth not meane 'away!'
Flatter, and praiſe, commend, extoll their graces!
Though nere ſo blacke, ſay they haue Angells faces!

[1] So F. *lady*, sir, *in* Milan *here* | Pope. *lady in* Milano *here* Collier | MS. *lady* of *Verona here* Halliwell.

That man that hath a tongue (I ſay) is no man,
If, with his tongue, he cannot win a woman!
Duk. But ſhe I meane, is promis'd by her friends
Vnto a youthfull Gentleman of worth;
And kept ſeuerely from reſort of men,
That no man hath acceſſe by day to her.
Val. Why, then, I would reſort to her by night.
Duk. I, but the doores be lockt, and keyes kept ſafe,
That no man hath recourſe to her by night.
Val. What letts, but one may enter at her window?
Duk. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,
And built ſo ſheluing, that one cannot climbe it
Without apparant hazard of his life.
Val. Why, then, a Ladder, quaintly made of Cords,
To caſt vp, with a paire of anchoring hookes,
Would ſerue to ſcale another *Hero's* towre,
So bold *Leander* would aduenture it.
Duk. Now, as thou art a Gentleman of blood,
Aduiſe me, where I may haue ſuch a Ladder!
Val. When would you vſe it? pray, ſir, tell me that.
Duk. This very night! for Loue is like a childe,
That longs for euery thing that he can come by.
Val. By ſeauen a clock, Ile get you ſuch a Ladder.
Duk. But, harke thee! I will goe to her alone:
How ſhall I beſt conuey the Ladder thither?
Val. It will be light, (my Lord,) that you may beare it
Vnder a cloake that is of any length.
Duk. A cloake as long as thine will ſerue the turne?
Val. I, my good Lord.
Duk. Then let me ſee thy cloake:
Ile get me one of ſuch another length.
Val. Why, any cloake will ſerue the turn, (my Lord.)
Duk. How ſhall I faſhion me to weare a cloake?
I pray thee, let me feele thy cloake vpon me.
[Lifts VAL.S *cloak, & finds a letter & a corded-ladder.*
What Letter is this ſame? What's here? '*To* Siluia'!
And heere an Engine fit for my proceeding!
Ile be ſo bold to breake the ſeale for once. *[Reads.*

139. *Reads*] Rowe.

'My thoughts do harbour with my Siluia *nightly;*
And ſlaues they are to me, that ſend them flying:
Oh, could their Maſter come, and goe as lightly,
Himſelfe would lodge where (ſenceles) they are lying!
My Herald Thoughts in thy pure boſome reſt them;
While I (their King) that thither them impórtune,
Doe curſe the grace, that with ſuch grace hath bleſt them,
Becauſe my ſelfe doe want my ſeruants fortune:
I curſe my ſelfe, for they are ſent by me,
That they ſhould harbour where their Lord ſhould be.

What's here?
'Siluia! *this night I will enfranchiſe thee!*
'Tis ſo; and heere's the Ladder for the purpoſe!
Why, *Phaeton,* (for thou art *Merops* ſonne,)
Wilt thou aſpire to guide the heauenly Car,
And with thy daring folly burne the world?
Wilt thou reach ſtars, becauſe they ſhine on thee?
Goe, baſe Intruder! ouer-weening Slaue!
Beſtow thy fawning ſmiles on equall mates;
And thinke my patience (more then thy deſert)
Is priuiledge for thy departure hence!
Thanke me for this, more then for all the fauors,
Which (all too much) I haue beſtowed on thee.
But if thou linger in my Territories,
Longer then ſwifteſt expeditiön
Will giue thee time to leaue our royall Court,
By heauen! my wrath ſhall farre exceed the loue
I euer bore my daughter, or thy ſelfe!
Be gone! I will not heare thy vaine excuſe!
But, as thou lou'ſt thy life, make ſpeed from hence! [*Exit.*
Val. And why not death, rather then liuing torment?
To die, is to be baniſht from my ſelfe;
And *Siluia* is my ſelfe: baniſh'd from her,
Is ſelfe from ſelfe: A deadly baniſhment!
What light is light, if *Siluia* be not ſeene?
What ioy is ioy, if *Siluia* be not by?
Vnleſſe it be to thinke that ſhe is by,

169. *Exit*] F2.

And feed vpon the ſhadow of perfection.
Except I be by *Siluia* in the night,
There is no muſicke in the Nightingale!
Vnleſſe I looke on *Siluia* in the day,
There is no day for me to looke vpon!
Shee is my eſſence! and I leaue to be,
If I be not, by her faire influence,
Foſter'd, illumin'd, cheriſh'd, kept aliue!
I flie not death, to flie his deadly doome:
Tarry I heere, I but attend on death;
But, flie I hence, I flie away from life!

Enter PROTHEUS *and* LAUNCE.

Pro. Run (boy) run, run, and ſeeke him out!
Lau. So-hough! Soa-hough!
Pro. What ſeeſt thou?
Lau. Him we goe to finde:
There's not a haire on's head, but 'tis a *Valentine.*
Pro. *Valentine?*
Val. No.
Pro. Who then? his Spirit?
Val. Neither.
Pro. What then?
Val. Nothing.
Lau. Can 'nothing' ſpeake? Maſter, ſhall I ſtrike?
Pro. Who wouldſt thou ſtrike?
Lau. 'Nothing.' [*Offers to strike* VAL.
Pro. Villaine, forbeare!
Lau. Why, Sir, Ile ſtrike 'nothing': I pray you, . . .
Pro. Sirha, I ſay, forbeare! ¶ Friend *Valentine,* a word!
Val. My eares are ſtopt, & cannot hear good newes,
So much of bad already hath poſſeſt them.
Pro. Then in dumbe ſilence will I bury mine:
For they are harſh, vn-tuneable, and bad.
Val. Is *Siluia* dead?
Pro. No, *Valentine.*
Val. 'No *Valentine,*' indeed, for ſacred *Siluia!*
Hath ſhe forſworne me?

187. *Enter . . .*] F2.

Pro. No, *Valentine.*
Val. 'No *Valentine,*' if *Siluia* haue forſworne me!
What is your newes?
Lau. Sir, there is a proclamation *that* you are vaniſhed.
Pro. That thou art baniſhëd (Oh, that's the newes!)
From hence, from *Siluia,* and from me, thy friend!
Val. Oh, I haue fed vpon this woe already,
And now, exceſſe of it will make me ſurfet!
Doth *Siluia* know that I am baniſhëd?
Pro. I, I! and ſhe hath offered to the doome
(Which, vn-reuerſt, ſtands in effectuall force)
A Sea of melting pearle, which ſome call teares:
Thoſe at her fathers churliſh feete ſhe tenderd;
With them, vpon her knees, her humble ſelfe;
Wringing her hands, whoſe whitenes ſo became them,
As if but now they waxëd pale for woe:
But neither bendëd knees, pure hands held vp,
Sad ſighes, deepe grones, nor ſiluer-ſhedding teares,
Could penetrate her vncompaſſionate Sire;
But *Valentine,* if he be tane, muſt die!
Beſides, her interceſſion chaf'd him ſo,
(When ſhe for thy repeale was ſuppliant,)
That to cloſe priſon he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of biding there.
Val. No more! vnles the next word that thou ſpeak'ſt,
Haue ſome malignant power vpon my life:
If ſo, I pray thee, breath it in mine eare,
As ending Antheme of my endleſſe dolor!
Pro. Ceaſe to lament for that thou canſt not helpe,
And ſtudy helpe for that which thou lament'ſt!
Time is the Nurſe, and breeder of all good.
Here, if thou ſtay, thou canſt not ſee thy loue;
Beſides, thy ſtaying will abridge thy life.
Hope is a louers ſtaffe; walke hence with that,
And manage it againſt deſpairing thoughts!
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence;
Which, being writ to me, ſhall be deliuer'd
Euen in the milke-white boſome of thy Loue.

215, 219. *baniſhed*] baniſh'd F.

The time now ſerues not to expoſtulate:
Come, Ile conuey thee through the City-gate;
And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concerne thy Loue-affaires.
As thou lou'ſt *Siluia*, (though not for thy ſelfe,)
Regard thy danger, and along with me!
Val. I pray thee, *Launce*, and if thou ſeeſt my Boy,
Bid him make haſte, and meet me at the North-gate.
Pro. Goe, ſirha, finde him out! ¶ Come, *Valentine!*
Val. Oh my deere *Siluia!* hapleſſe *Valentine!*
[*Exeunt* VAL. *and* PRO.

Launce. I am but a foole, (looke you;) and yet I haue the wit to thinke my Maſter is a kinde of a knaue: but that's all one, if he be but one knaue. He liues not now, that knowes me to be in loue; yet I am in loue; but a Teeme of horſe ſhall not plucke that from me; nor who 'tis I loue; and yet 'tis a woman; but what woman, I will not tell my ſelfe; and yet 'tis a Milke-maid; yet 'tis not a maid, for ſhee hath had Goſſips; yet 'tis a maid, for ſhe is her Maſters maid, and ſerues for wages. Shee hath more qualities then a Water-Spaniell; which is much in a bare Chriſtian. [*Pulling out a Paper.*] Heere is the Cate-log of her Condition. [*Reads.*] '*Inprimis: Shee can fetch and carry.*' Why, a horſe can doe no more! nay, a horſe cannot fetch, but onely carry; therefore is ſhee better then a Iade. '*Item: She can milke;*' looke (you,) a ſweet vertue in a maid with cleane hands.

Enter SPEED.

Speed. How now, Signior *Launce!* what newes with your Maſterſhip?
La. With my 'Maſter's ſhip'? why, it is at Sea.
Sp. Well, your old vice ſtill! miſtake the word. What newes, then, in your paper?
La. The black'ſt newes that euer thou heard'ſt!
Sp. Why, man, how blacke?
La. Why, as blacke as Inke.

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268. *Pulling . . .*] Rowe.
273. *Enter Speed.*] F2.
276. *Master's ship*] Theobald. Mastership F.

Sp. Let me read them!
La. Fie on thee, Iolt-head! thou canſt not read!
Sp. Thou lyeſt! I can!
La. I will try thee. Tell me this! who begot thee?
Sp. Marry, the ſon of my Grand-father.
La. Oh illiterate loyterer! it was the ſonne of thy Grand-mother: this proues that thou canſt not read.
Sp. Come, foole, come! try me in thy paper!
La. There! and S. *Nicholas* be thy ſpeed!
Sp. [*reads*] '*Inprimis: She can milke.*'
La. I, that ſhe can!
Sp. '*Item: She brewes good Ale.*'
La. And thereof comes the prouerbe: 'Bleſſing of your heart, you brew good Ale!'
Sp. '*Item: She can ſowe.*'
La. That's as much as to ſay: 'Can ſhe ſo?'
Sp. '*Item: She can knit.*'
La. What neede a man care for a ſtock with a wench, when ſhe can knit him a ſtocke?
Sp. '*Item: She can waſh and ſcoure.*'
La. A ſpeciall vertue; for then ſhee neede not be waſh'd, and ſcowr'd.
Sp. '*Item: She can ſpin.*'
La. Then may I ſet 'the world on wheeles,' when ſhe can ſpin for her liuing.
Sp. '*Item: She hath many nameleſſe vertues.*'
La. That's as much as to ſay, Baſtard vertues; that, indeede, know not their fathers, and therefore haue no names.
Sp. Here follow her vices.
La. Cloſe at the heeles of her vertues.
Sp. '*Item: Shee is not to be kiſt faſting, in reſpect of her breath.*'
La. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfaſt. Read on!
Sp. '*Item: She hath a ſweet mouth.*'
La. That makes amends for her ſoure breath.
Sp. '*Item: She doth talke in her ſleepe.*'

313. *be kiſt*] Rowe. be F.

La. It's no matter for that, ſo ſhee ſleepe not in her talke.

Sp. '*Item: She is ſlow in words.*'

La. Oh villaine, that ſet this downe among her vices! To be ſlow in words, is a womans onely vertue! I pray thee, out with't, and place it for her chiefe vertue!

Sp. '*Item: She is proud.*'

La. Out with that too! it was *Eues* legacie, and cannot be t'ane from her.

Sp. '*Item: She hath no teeth.*'

La. I care not for that neither, becauſe I loue cruſts.

Sp. '*Item: She is curſt.*'

La. Well, the beſt is, ſhe hath no teeth to bite.

Sp. '*Item: She will often praiſe her liquor.*'

La. If her liquor be good, ſhe ſhall: if ſhe will not, I will; for good things ſhould be praiſed.

Sp. '*Item: She is too liberall.*'

La. Of her tongue ſhe cannot, for that's writ downe ſhe is ſlow of; of her purſe ſhee ſhall not, for that Ile keepe ſhut: Now, of another thing ſhee may, and that cannot I helpe. Well, proceede!

Sp. '*Item: Shee hath more haire then wit, and more faults then haires, and more wealth then faults.*'

La. Stop there! Ile haue her: ſhe was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that laſt Article. Rehearſe that once more!

Sp. '*Item: She hath more haire then wit,*' . . .

La. 'More haire then wit'? It may be; Ile proue it. The couer of the ſalt hides the ſalt, and therefore it is more then the ſalt; the haire that couers the wit is more then the wit, for the greater hides the leſſe. What's next?

Sp. '*And more faults then haires,*' . . .

La. That's monſtrous: oh, that that were out!

Sp. '*And more wealth then faults.*'

La. Why, that word makes the faults gracious. Well, Ile haue her: and if it be a match, as nothing is impoſſible, . . .

Sp. What then?

La. Why, then will I tell thee, . . . that thy Maſter ſtaies for thee at the North gate.

Sp. For me?

La. For thee! I, who art thou? he hath ſtaid for a better man then thee.

Sp. And muſt I goe to him?
La. Thou muſt run to him, for thou haſt ſtaid ſo long, that 'going'[1] will ſcarce ſerue the turne.
Sp. Why didſt not tell me ſooner? 'pox of your loue Letters! [*Throws the Paper at* LAUNCE, *and exit.*
La. Now will he be ſwing'd for reading my Letter: An vnmannerly ſlaue, that will thruſt himſelfe into ſecrets! Ile after, to reioyce in the boyes correction. [*Exit.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Secunda.

Millaine. The DUKES *Palace.*

Enter DUKE, THURIO, (*and later,* PROTHEUS.)

Du. Sir *Thurio,* feare not but that ſhe will loue you,
Now *Valentine* is baniſh'd from her ſight.
Th. Since his exile ſhe hath deſpis'd me moſt,
Forſworne my company, and rail'd at me,
That I am deſperate of obtaining her.
Du. This weake impreſſe of Loue is as a figure
Trenched in ice; which, with an houres heate,
Diſſolues to water, and doth looſe his forme.
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
And worthleſſe *Valentine* ſhall be forgot.

Enter PROTHEUS.

¶ How now, ſir *Protheus!* Is your countriman
(According to our Proclamation) gon?
Pro. Gon, my good Lord.
Du. My daughter takes his going grieuouſly.
Pro. A little time (my Lord) will kill that griefe.
Du. So I beleeue; but *Thurio* thinkes not ſo.
Protheus, the good conceit I hold of thee
(For thou haſt ſhowne ſome ſigne of good deſert)
Makes me the better to confer with thee.
Pro. Longer then I proue loyall to your Grace,
Let me not liue, to looke vpon your Grace!

[1] *going* (here) = walking.

364. *Throws . . .*] Exit. Capell.
367. *Exit.*] Capell. Exeunt. F.

Du. Thou know'ſt how willingly, I would effect
The match betweene ſir *Thurio*, and my daughter.
Pro. I doe, my Lord.
Du. And alſo, I thinke, thou art not ignorant
How ſhe oppoſes her againſt my will.
Pro. She did, my Lord, when *Valentine* was here.
Du. I, and, peruerſly, ſhe perſéuers ſo.
What might we doe, to make the girle forget
The loue of *Valentine*, and loue ſir *Thurio*?
Pro. The beſt way is, to ſlander *Valentine*
With falſehood, cowardize, and poore diſcent:
Three things that women highly hold in hate.
Du. I, but ſhe'll thinke that it is ſpoke in hate.
Pro. I, if his enemy deliuer it:
Therefore it muſt, with circumſtance, be ſpoken
By one whom ſhe eſteemeth as his friend.
Du. Then you muſt vndertake to ſlander him.
Pro. And that (my Lord) I ſhall be loath to doe:
'Tis an ill office for a Gentleman,
Eſpecially againſt his very friend.
Du. Where your good word cannot aduantage him,
Your ſlander neuer can endamage him;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being intreated to it by your friend.
Pro. You haue preuail'd, (my Lord:) if I can doe it,
By ought that I can ſpeake in his diſpraiſe,
She ſhall not long continue loue to him.
But, ſay this weede her loue from *Valentine*,
It followes not that ſhe will loue ſir *Thurio*.
Th. Therefore, as you vnwinde her loue from him,
Leaſt it ſhould rauell, and be good to none,
You muſt prouide to bottome it on me;
Which muſt be done, by praiſing me as much
As you (in worth) diſpraiſe ſir *Valentine*.
Du. And, *Protheus*, we dare truſt you in this kinde,
Becauſe we know (on *Valentines* report)
You are already Loues firme votary,
And cannot ſoone reuolt, and change your minde.
Vpon this warrant, ſhall you haue acceſſe,
Where you, with *Siluia*, may confer at large;

(For ſhe is lumpiſh, heauy, mellancholly,
And, for your friends ſake, will be glad of you;)
Where you may temper her, by your perſwaſion,
To hate young *Valentine*, and loue my friend.
Pro. As much as I can doe, I will effect:
¶ But you, ſir *Thurio*, are not ſharpe enough;
You muſt lay Lime, to tangle her deſires
By walefull Sonnets, whoſe compoſëd Rimes
Should be full-fraught with ſeruiceable vowes.
Du. I,
Much is the force of heauen-bred Poeſie!
Pro. Say, 'that vpon the altar of her beauty
You ſacrifice your teares, your ſighes, your heart;
Write till your inke be dry, and, with your teares,
Moiſt it againe:' and frame ſome feeling line,
That may diſcouer ſuch integrity.
For *Orpheus* Lute was ſtrung with Poets ſinewes;
Whoſe golden touch could ſoften ſteele and ſtones,
Make tygers tame, and huge Leuiathans
Forſake vnſounded deepes, to dance on Sands!
After your dire-lamenting Elegies,
Viſit by night your Ladies chamber-window
With ſome ſweet Conſort; To their Inſtruments,
Tune a deploring Dumpe: the nights dead ſilence
Will well become ſuch ſweet-complaining grieuance.
This, or elſe nothing, will inherit her.
Du. This diſcipline ſhowes thou haſt bin in loue.
Th. And thy aduice, this night, Ile put in practiſe.
Therefore, ſweet *Protheus*, my direction-giuer,
Let vs into the City preſently,
To ſort ſome Gentlemen, well ſkill'd in Muſicke.
I haue a Sonnet that will ſerue the turne,
To giue the on-ſet to thy good aduiſe.
Du. About it, Gentlemen!
Pro. We'll wait vpon your Grace, till after Supper;
And afterward determine our proceedings.
Du. Euen now about it! I will pardon you. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scœna Prima.

The Frontires of Mantua. A Forrest.

Enter certaine Out-lawes. (*Later,* VALENTINE *and* SPEED.)

1. *Out-l.* Fellowes, ſtand faſt! I ſee a paſſenger.
2. *Out.* If there be ten, ſhrinke not, but down with'em!

Enter VALENTINE *and* SPEED.

3. *Out.* Stand, ſir, and throw vs that you haue about ye!
If not, we'll make you ſit, and riſle you.
Sp. Sir, we are vndone! theſe are the Villaines
That all the Trauailers doe feare ſo much.
Val. My friends! . . .
1. *Out.* That's not ſo, ſir: we are your enemies.
2. *Out.* Peace! we'll heare him.
3. *Out.* I, by my beard, will we; for he is a proper man.
Val. Then know, that I haue little wealth to looſe:
A man I am, croſs'd with aduerſitie;
My riches are theſe poore habiliments,
Of which if you ſhould here diſfurniſh me,
You take the ſum and ſubſtance that I haue.
2. *Out.* Whether trauell you?
Val. To *Verona.*
1. *Out.* Whence came you?
Val. From *Millaine.*
3. *Out.* Haue you long ſoiourn'd there?
Val. Some ſixteene moneths; and longer might haue ſtaid,
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.
1. *Out.* What, were you baniſh'd thence?
Val. I was.
2. *Out.* For what offence?
Val. For that which now torments me to rehearſe:
I kill'd a man, whoſe death I much repent;
But yet I ſlew him manfully, in fight,

The Frontires . . .] Capell.
Enter . . .] Enter Valentine,
Speed, and certaine Out-lawes. F.
12. *aduerſitie*] aduerſitie F.

Without falſe vantage, or baſe treachery.
1. *Out.* Why, nere repent it, if it were done ſo!
But were you baniſht for ſo ſmall a fault?
Val. I was, and held me glad of ſuch a doome.
2. *Out.* Haue you the Tongues?
Val. My youthfull trauaile, therein made me happy,
Or elſe I often had beene miſerable.
3. *Out.* By the bare ſcalpe of *Robin Hoods* fat Fryer,
This fellow were a King for our wilde faction!
1. *Out.* We'll haue him! Sirs, a word!
[*They conuerse apart.*
Sp. Maſter, be one of them! it's an honourable kinde of theeuery.
Val. Peace, villaine!
2. *Out.* Tell vs this! haue you any thing to take to?
Val. Nothing but my fortune.
3. *Out.* Know, then, that ſome of vs are Gentlemen,
Such as the fury of vngouern'd youth
Thruſt from the company of awfull men.
My ſelfe was from *Verona* baniſhëd,
For practiſing to ſteale away a Lady,
An heire, and Neece, alide[1] vnto the Duke.
2. *Out.* And I from *Mantua*, for a Gentleman,
Who, in my moode, I ſtab'd vnto the heart.
1. *Out.* And I, for ſuch like petty crimes as theſe.
But to the purpoſe, (for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawleſſe liues;
And, partly, ſeeing you are beautifide
With goodly ſhape; and, by your owne report,
A Linguiſt, and a man of ſuch perfection,
As we doe in our quality much want,) . . .
2. *Out.* Indeede, becauſe you are a baniſh'd man,
Therefore, aboue the reſt, we parley to you:
Are you content to be our Generall,
'To make a vertue of neceſſity,'
And liue as we doe, in this wilderneſſe?
3. *Out.* What ſaiſt thou? wilt thou be of our conſort?

35. *I often had beene*] F2. I often had beene often F.
49. *An*] And F.
[1] So F. *near allied* Theobald.

Say 'I', and be the captaine of vs all!
We'll doe thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,
Loue thee, as our Commander, and our King.
1. *Out.* But if thou ſcorne our curteſie, thou dyeſt!
2. *Out.* Thou ſhalt not liue, to brag what we haue offer'd.
Val. I take your offer, and will liue with you,
Prouided that you do no outrages
On ſilly women, or poore paſſengers.
3. *Out.* No, we deteſt ſuch vile baſe practiſes!
Come, goe with vs! we'll bring thee to our Crewes,
And ſhow thee all the Treaſure we haue got;
Which, with our ſelues, all reſt at thy diſpoſe. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scœna Secunda.

Millaine. Outside the DUKES *Palace, vnder* SILVIAS *Chamber.*

Enter PROTHEUS. (*Later,* THURIO, IULIA, Hoſt, Muſitians, *and* SILVIA.)

Pro. Already haue I bin falſe to *Valentine*,
And now I muſt be as vniuſt to *Thurio*.
Vnder the colour of commending him,
I haue acceſſe, my owne loue to prefer:
But *Silvia* is too faire, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthleſſe guifts!
When I proteſt true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falſehood to my friend;
When, to her beauty, I commend my vowes,
She bids me thinke, how I haue bin forſworne
In breaking faith with *Iulia*, whom I lou'd:
And, notwithſtanding all her ſodaine quips,
The leaſt whereof would quell a louers hope,
Yet (Spaniel-like) the more ſhe ſpurnes my loue,
The more it growes, and fawneth on her ſtill.
But here comes *Thurio*: now muſt we to her window,
And giue ſome euening Muſique to her eare.

Enter THURIO *and* **Musitians.**

Th. How now! ſir *Protheus*, are you crept before vs?
Pro. I, gentle *Thurio*; for you know that 'Loue
Will creepe in ſeruice, where it cannot goe.'
Th. I, but I hope, Sir, that you loue not here.
Pro. Sir, but I doe; or elſe I would be hence.
Th. Who? *Siluia?*
Pro. I, *Siluia*; for your ſake.
Th. I thanke you for your owne. ¶ Now, Gentlemen,
Let's tune, and to it luſtily a while.

Enter, at a distance, **Host,** *and* IULIA[1] *in mans attire.*

(*Ho.* Now, my yong gueſt! me thinks you'r allycholly:
I pray you, why is it?
Iu. Marry, (mine Hoſt,) becauſe I cannot be merry.
Ho. Come, we'll haue you merry: Ile bring you where you ſhall heare Muſique, and ſee the Gentleman that you aſk'd for.
Iu. But ſhall I heare him ſpeake?
Ho. I, that you ſhall.
Iu. [*aside*] That will be Muſique! [*Musique plaies.*
Ho. Harke, harke!
Iu. Is he among theſe?
Ho. I: but, peace! let's heare'm.)

SONG.

Who is Siluia? *what is ſhe,*
That all our Swaines commend her?
Holy, faire, and wiſe is ſhe!
The heauen ſuch grace did lend her,
That ſhe might admirëd be.

Is ſhe kinde as ſhe is faire?
For beauty liues with kindneſſe.

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18. *Enter* . . .] Rowe.
25. *to*] too F.
25. *at a distance*] Capell.

[1] Cp. . . . 'Viola in mans attire.' —*Tw. Night*, Entry, I. iv. (F).
34. *Musique plaies.*] Capell.

Loue doth to her eyes repaire,
To helpe him of his blindneſſe,
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Siluia *let vs ſing,*
That Siluia *is excelling;*
She excels each mortall thing,
Vpon the dull earth dwelling!
To her let vs Garlands bring!

(*Ho.* How now! are you ſadder then you were before? How doe you, man? the Muſicke likes you not.
Iu. You miſtake: the Muſitian likes me not.
Ho. Why, my pretty youth?
Iu. He plaies falſe, (father.)
Ho. How? out of tune on the ſtrings?
Iu. Not ſo; but yet ſo falſe that he grieues my very heart-ſtrings!
Ho. You haue a quicke eare.
Iu. I, I would I were deafe! it makes me haue a ſlow heart.
Ho. I perceiue you delight not in Muſique.
Iu. Not a whit, when it iars ſo.
Ho. Harke, what fine change is in the Muſique!
Iu. I, that 'change' is the ſpight!
Ho. You would haue them alwaies play but one thing?
Iu. I would alwaies haue one play but one thing. But, Hoſt, doth this Sir *Protheus*, that we talke on, Often reſort vnto this Gentlewoman?
Ho. I tell you what *Launce*, his man, told me: he lou'd her out of all nicke.
Iu. Where is *Launce?*
Ho. Gone to ſeeke his dog; which, to morrow, by his Maſters command, hee muſt carry for a preſent to his Lady.
Iu. Peace! ſtand aſide: the company parts.)
[*They withdraw.*

Pro. Sir *Thurio*, feare not you! I will ſo pleade, That you ſhall ſay, my cunning drift excels.
Th. Where meete we?
Pro. At Saint *Gregories* well.
Th. Farewell!

Exeunt THURIO *and* Musitians. *Enter* SILUIA *aboue.*

Pro. Madam, good eu'n to your Ladiſhip!
Sil. I thanke you for your Muſique, (Gentlemen!)
¶ Who is that, that ſpake?
Pro. One, (Lady,) if you knew his pure hearts truth,
You would quickly learne to know him by his voice.
Sil. Sir *Protheus,* as I take it.
Pro. Sir *Protheus,* (gentle Lady,) and your Seruant.
Sil. What's your will?
Pro. That I may compaſſe yours.
Sil. You haue your wiſh; my will is euen this:
That preſently you hie you home to bed.
Thou ſubtile, periur'd, falſe, diſloyall man!
Think'ſt thou I am ſo ſhallow, ſo conceitleſſe,
To be ſeducëd by thy flattery,
That has't deceiu'd ſo many with thy vowes?
Returne, returne! and make thy loue amends!
For me, (by this pale queene of night I ſweare,)
I am ſo farre from granting thy requeſt,
That I deſpiſe thee for thy wrongfull ſuite;
And by and by intend to chide my ſelfe,
Euen for this time I ſpend in talking to thee!
Pro. I grant (ſweet loue) that I did loue a Lady;
But ſhe is dead.
(*Iu.* [*aside*] 'Twere falſe, if I ſhould ſpeake it;
For I am ſure ſhe is not buriëd.)
Sil. Say that ſhe be; yet *Valentine,* thy friend,
Suruiues; to whom (thy ſelfe art witneſſe)
I am betroth'd: and art thou not aſham'd
To wrong him with thy importunacy?
Pro. I likewiſe heare that *Valentine* is dead.
Sil. And ſo, ſuppoſe, am I; for, in his graue,
Aſſure thy ſelfe, my loue is buriëd!
Pro. Sweet Lady, let me rake it from the earth!
Sil. Go to thy Ladies graue, and call hers thence;
Or, at the leaſt, in hers, ſepúlcher thine!

80. *Exeunt . . . aboue.*] Rowe.
101. *aside*] Pope.
108. *his*] F2. her F.

(*Iul.* He heard not that.)
Pro. Madam, if your heart be ſo obdurate,
Vouchſafe me yet your Picture for my loue;
(The Picture that is hanging in your chamber;)
To that Ile ſpeake, to that Ile ſigh and weepe:
For, ſince the ſubſtance of your perfect ſelfe
Is elſe deuoted, I am but a ſhadow;
And, to your ſhadow, will I make true loue.
(*Iul.* If 'twere a ſubſtance you would, ſure, deceiue it,
And make it but a ſhadow, as I am.)
Sil. I am very loath to be your Idoll, Sir;
But, ſince your falſehood ſhall become you well
To worſhip ſhadowes, and adore falſe ſhapes,
Send to me in the morning, and Ile ſend it:
And ſo, good reſt!
Pro. As wretches haue ore-night,
That wait for execution in the morne!
[*Exeunt* PRO. *and* SIL. *ſeuerally.*
Iul. Hoſt, will you goe? [*Touches him.*
Ho. By my hallidome, I was faſt aſleepe.
Iul. Pray you, where lies Sir *Protheus?*
Ho. Marry, at my houſe. Truſt me, I thinke 'tis almoſt day.
Iul. Not ſo; but it hath bin the longeſt night
That ere I watch'd, and the moſt heauieſt! [*Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scœna Tertia.

Millaine. Outside the* DUKES *Palace, vnder* SILUIAS *Chamber.

Enter EGLAMORE. (*Later,* SILUIA.)

Eg. This is the houre that Madam *Siluia*
Entreated me to call, and know her minde:
Ther's ſome great matter ſhe'ld employ me in.
Madam! Madam!

Enter SILUIA *aboue.*

Sil. Who cals?
Eg. Your ſeruant, and your friend;

122. *substance*] ſubstance F.

One that attends your Ladiſhips command.
Sil. Sir *Eglamore*, a thouſand-times good morrow!
Eg. As many (worthy Lady) to your ſelfe!
According to your Ladiſhips impoſe,
I am thus early come, to know what ſeruice
It is your pleaſure to command me in.
Sil. Oh *Eglamoure*, thou art a Gentleman,
(Thinke not I flatter, for I ſweare I doe not,)
Valiant, wiſe, remorſe-full, well accompliſh'd:
Thou art not ignorant, what deere good will
I beare vnto the baniſh'd *Valentine;*
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vaine *Thurio*, (whom my very ſoule abhor'd![1])
Thy ſelfe haſt lou'd; and I haue heard thee ſay,
No griefe did euer come ſo neere thy heart,
As when thy Lady and thy true-loue dide,
Vpon whoſe Graue thou vow'dſt pure chaſtitie.
Sir *Eglamoure*, I would to *Valentine*,
To *Mantua*, where I heare he makes aboad;
And, for the waies are dangerous to paſſe,
I doe deſire thy worthy company,
Vpon whoſe faith and honor, I repoſe.
Vrge not my fathers anger, (*Eglamoure*,)
But thinke vpon my griefe, (a Ladies griefe;)
And on the iuſtice of my flying hence,
To keepe me from a moſt vnholy match,
Which heauen and fortune ſtill rewards with plagues!
I doe deſire thee, euen from a heart
As full of ſorrowes, as the Sea of ſands,
To beare me company, and goe with me:
If not, to hide what I haue ſaid to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.
Egl. Madam, I pitty much your grieuances;
Which, ſince I know they vertuouſly are plac'd,
I giue conſent to goe along with you;
Wreaking[2] as little what betideth me,
As much I wiſh all good befortune you.
When will you goe?

[1] So F. *abhors* Hanmer.
[2] Recking, caring.

Sil. This euening comming.
Eg. Where ſhall I meete you?
Sil. At Frier *Patrickes* Cell,
Where I intend holy Confeſſiõn.
Eg. I will not faile your Ladiſhip. Good morrow, gentle Lady!
Sil. Good morrow, kinde Sir *Eglamoure!*

[*Exeunt ſeuerally.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Quarta.

Millaine. Outside the DUKES *Palace, vnder* SILUIAS *Chamber.*

Enter LAUNCE *with his dog* CRAB. (*Later,* PROTHEUS, IULIA, *and* SILUIA.)

Lau. When a mans ſeruant ſhall play the Curre with him, (looke you,) it goes hard: one that I brought vp of a puppy; one that I ſau'd from drowning, when three or foure of his blinde brothers and ſiſters went to it! I haue taught him, (euen as one would ſay preciſely, 'thus I would teach a dog.') I was ſent to deliuer him, as a preſent to Miſtris *Siluia*, from my Maſter; and I came no ſooner into the dyning-chamber, but he ſteps me to her Trencher, and ſteales her Capons-leg! O, 'tis a foule thing, when a Cur cannot keepe himſelfe in all companies! I would haue (as one ſhould ſay) one that takes vpon him to be a dog indeede, to be (as it were) a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit then he, to take a fault vpon me that he did, I thinke verily hee had bin hang'd for't; ſure as I liue, he had ſuffer'd for't: you ſhall iudge. Hee thruſts me himſelfe into the company of three or foure gentleman-like dogs, vnder the Dukes table: hee had not bin there (bleſſe the marke!) a piſſing-while, but all the chamber ſmelt him. 'Out with the dog!' (ſaies one:) 'What cur is that?' (ſaies another:) 'Whip him out!' (ſaies the third:) 'Hang him vp!' (ſaies the Duke.) I, hauing bin acquainted with the ſmell before, knew it was *Crab;* and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogges: 'Friend,' (quoth I,) 'you meane to whip the dog?' 'I, marry, doe I,' (quoth he.) 'You doe

him the more wrong,' (quoth I;) ''twas I did the thing [24
you wot of.' He makes me no more adoe, but whips me out
of the chamber. How many Maſters would doe this for his
Seruant? Nay, Ile be ſworne, I haue ſat in the ſtockes for
puddings he hath ſtolne, otherwiſe he had bin executed; I [28
haue ſtood on the Pillorie for Geeſe he hath kil'd, otherwiſe
he had ſufferd for't. (¶ Thou think'ſt not of this now.) Nay,
I remember the tricke you ſeru'd me, when I tooke my leaue
of Madam *Siluia:* did not I bid thee ſtill marke me, and [32
doe as I do? when did'ſt thou ſee me heaue vp my leg, and
make water againſt a Gentlewomans farthingale? did'ſt thou
euer ſee me doe ſuch a tricke?

Enter PROTHEUS *and* IULIA.

Pro. *Sebaſtian* is thy name? I like thee well, 36
And will imploy thee in ſome ſeruice preſently.
Iu. In what you pleaſe: Ile doe what I can.
Pro. I hope thou wilt. [*To* LAUNCE.] How now, you whor-ſon pezant!
Where haue you bin theſe two dayes loytering? 40
La. Marry, Sir, I carried Miſtris *Siluia* the dogge you bad me.
Pro. And what ſaies ſhe to my little Iewell? 43
La. Marry, ſhe ſaies your dog was a cur; and tels you, curriſh thanks is good enough for ſuch a preſent.
Pro. But ſhe receiu'd my dog?
La. No, indeede, did ſhe not: here haue I brought him backe againe. 48
Pro. What! didſt thou offer her this from me?
La. I, Sir; the other Squirrill was ſtolne from me by the Hangmans boyes in the market place: and then I offer'd her mine owne, who is a dog as big as ten of yours, & therefore the guift the greater. 53
Pro. Goe get thee hence, and finde my dog againe,
Or nere returne againe into my ſight!
Away, I ſay! ſtayeſt thou to vexe me here?
[*Exit* LAUNCE, *with his dog.*
A Slaue that, ſtill an end, turnes me to ſhame! 57
¶ *Sebaſtian,* I haue entertainëd thee,

Partly that I haue neede of ſuch a youth,
That can with ſome diſcretion doe my buſineſſe;
(For 'tis no truſting to yond fooliſh Lowt;)
But, chiefely, for thy face, and thy behauiour,
Which (if my Augury deceiue me not)
Witneſſe good bringing vp, fortune, and truth:
Therefore know thee,[1] for this I entertaine thee.
Go preſently, and take this Ring with thee,
Deliuer it to Madam *Siluïa:*
She lou'd me well, deliuer'd it to me.
Iul. It ſeemes you lou'd not her, to leaue her token.
She is dead, belike?
Pro. Not ſo; I thinke ſhe liues.
Iul. Alas!
Pro. Why do'ſt thou cry 'alas'?
Iul. I cannot chooſe
But pitty her.
Pro. Wherefore ſhould'ſt thou pitty her?
Iul. Becauſe, me thinkes, that ſhe lou'd you as well
As you doe loue your Lady *Siluïa:*
She dreames on him, that has forgot her loue;
You doate on her, that cares not for your loue.
'Tis pitty, Loue ſhould be ſo contrary;
And thinking on it, makes me cry 'alas!'
Pro. Well, giue her that Ring, and, therewithall,
This Letter! That's her chamber [*Points to* SIL.S *window*].
Tell my Lady,
I claime the promiſe for her heauenly Picture.
Your meſſage done, hye home vnto my chamber,
Where thou ſhalt finde me, ſad, and ſolitarie. [*Exit.*
Iul. How many women would doe ſuch a meſſage?
Alas, poore *Protheus!* thou haſt entertain'd
A Foxe, to be the Shepheard of thy Lambs.
Alas, poore foole! why doe I pitty him
That with his very heart deſpiſeth me?
Becauſe he loues her, he deſpiſeth me;

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[1] Cp. 'But, harke thee' III. i. 127, p. 34. Sh. often has *thee* for *thou*, in imperative clauses.

60 *to leaue*] F2. not leaue F.
64. *Exit.*] F2.

Becauſe I loue him, I muſt pitty him.
This Ring I gaue him, when he parted from me,
To binde him to remember my good will:
And now am I, (vnhappy Meſſenger!)
To plead for that, which I would not obtaine;
To carry that, which I would haue refus'd;
To praiſe his faith, which I would haue diſprais'd.
I am my Maſters true-confirmëd Loue;
But cannot be true ſeruant to my Maſter,
Vnleſſe I proue falſe traitor to my ſelfe.
Yet will I woe[1] for him, but yet ſo coldly,
As (heauen it knowes) I would not haue him ſpeed!

Enter SILVIA, *attended.*

Gentlewoman, good day! I pray you, be my meane
To bring me where to ſpeake with Madam *Siluia.*
Sil. What would you with her, if that I be ſhe?
Iul. If you be ſhe, I doe intreat your patience
To heare me ſpeake the meſſage I am ſent on.
Sil. From whom?
Iul. From my Maſter, Sir *Protheus,* Madam.
Sil. Oh, he ſends you for a Picture?
Iul. I, Madam.
Sil. Vrſula, bring my Picture there. [*Picture brought.*
¶ Goe giue your Maſter this! tell him, from me,
One *Iulia,* that his changing thoughts forget,
Would better fit his Chamber, then this Shadow.
Iul. Madam, pleaſe you peruſe this Letter!—
[*Giues a Letter.*
Pardon me, (Madam;) I haue, vnaduis'd,
Deliuer'd you a paper that I ſhould not:
This is the Letter to your Ladiſhip. [*Giues another.*
Sil. I pray thee, let me looke on that againe!
Iul. It may not be: good Madam, pardon me!
Sil. There, hold! [*Returns the first Letter.*
I will not looke vpon your Maſters lines:
I know they are ſtuft with proteſtatiõns,
And full of new-found oathes; which he will breake

[1] *woe* = wooe.

102. *Enter . . .*] Malone.

As eaſily as I doe teare his paper! [*Tears the second Letter.*
Iul. Madam, he ſends your Ladiſhip this Ring.
[*Offers the Ring.*
Sil. The more ſhame for him, that he ſends it me!
For, I haue heard him ſay a thouſand times,
His *Iulia* gaue it him, at his departure:
Though his falſe finger haue prophan'd the Ring,
Mine ſhall not doe his *Iulia* ſo much wrong!
Iul. She thankes you.
Sil. What ſai'ſt thou?
Iul. I thanke you, Madam, that you tender her.
Poore Gentlewoman! my Maſter wrongs her much.
Sil. Do'ſt thou know her?
Iul. Almoſt as well as I doe know my ſelfe:
To thinke vpon her woes, I doe proteſt
That I haue wept a hundred ſeuerall times!
Sil. Belike ſhe thinks that *Protheus* hath forſook her?
Iul. I thinke ſhe doth; and that's her cauſe of ſorrow.
Sil. Is ſhe not paſſing faire?
Iul. She hath bin fairer (Madam) then ſhe is:
When ſhe did thinke my Maſter lou'd her well,
She, in my iudgement, was as faire as you;
But ſince ſhe did neglect her looking-glaſſe,
And threw her Sun-expelling Maſque away,
The ayre hath ſtaru'd the roſes in her cheekes,
And pinch'd the lilly-tincture of her face,
That now ſhe is become as blacke as I.
Sil. How tall was ſhe?
Iul. About my ſtature: for, at Pentecoſt,
When all our Pageants of delight were plaid,
Our youth got me to play the womans part,
And I was trim'd in Madam *Iulias* gowne,
Which ſeruëd me as fit, by all mens iudgements,
As if the garment had bin made for me:
Therefore I know ſhe is about my height.
And, at that time, I made her weepe agood,[1]
For I did play a lamentable part:
(Madam,) 'twas *Ariadne*, paſſioning

[1] *agood* = heartily.

For *Theſeus* periury, and vniuſt flight;
Which I ſo liuely acted with my teares,
That my poore Miſtris, mouëd therewithall,
Wept bitterly; and, would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very ſorrow!
Sil. She is beholding to thee, (gentle youth.)
Alas, (poore Lady,) deſolate and left!
I weepe my ſelfe to thinke vpon thy words.
Here, youth, there is my purſe: I giue thee this
For thy ſweet Miſtris ſake, becauſe thou lou'ſt her.
Farewell! [*Exit* SILVIA, *with* **Attendants.**
Iul. And ſhe ſhall thanke you for't, if ere you know her.
A vertuous gentlewoman, milde, and beautifull!
I hope my Maſters ſuit will be but cold,
Since ſhe reſpects my Miſtris loue ſo much.
Alas, how loue can trifle with it ſelfe!
Here is her Picture: let me ſee! I thinke,
If I had ſuch a Tyre, this Face of mine
Were full as louely, as is this of hers:
And yet the Painter flatter'd her a little,
Vnleſſe I flatter with my ſelfe too much.
Her haire is Aburne; mine is perfect Yellow:
If that be all the difference in his loue,
Ile get me ſuch a coulour'd Perrywig.
Her eyes are grey as glaſſe; and ſo are mine:
I, but her fore-head's low; and mine's as high.
What ſhould it be that he reſpects in her,
But I can make reſpectiue in my ſelfe,
If this fond Loue were not a blinded god?
Come, ſhadow, come, and take this ſhadow vp,
For 'tis thy riuall! O thou ſenceleſſe forme!
Thou ſhalt be worſhip'd, kiſs'd, lou'd, and ador'd!
And, were there ſence in his Idolatry,
My ſubſtance ſhould be ſtatue in thy ſtead.
Ile vſe thee kindly, for thy Miſtris ſake,
That vs'd me ſo; or elſe, by *Ioue* I vow,
I ſhould haue ſcratch'd out your vnſeeing eyes,
To make my Maſter out of loue with thee! *Exit.*

163. *Theseus*] Thesus F. | l. 174.
173. *Exit* . . .] Dyce, after | 200. *Exit.*] F2. Exeunt. F.

Actus Quintus. Scœna Prima.

Millaine. An Abbey.

Enter EGLAMOURE. (*Later,* SILUIA.)

Egl. The Sun begins to guild the weſterne ſkie;
And now it is about the very houre
That *Siluia,* at Fryer *Patricks* Cell, ſhould meet me.
She will not faile; for Louers breake not houres,
Vnleſſe it be to come before their time;
So much they ſpur their expeditiõn.
See where ſhe comes!

Enter SILUIA.

Lady, a happy euening!

Sil. Amen, Amen! Goe on, (good *Eglamoure,*)
Out at the Poſterne by the Abbey wall!
I feare I am attended by ſome Spies.

Egl. Feare not! the Forreſt is not three leagues off;
If we recouer that, we are ſure enough. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scœna Secunda.

Millaine. The DUKES *Palace.*

Enter THURIO, PROTHEUS, *and* IULIA. (*Later,* DUKE.)

Th. Sir *Protheus,* what ſaies *Siluia* to my ſuit?

Pro. Oh, Sir, I finde her milder then ſhe was;
And yet ſhe takes exceptions at your perſon.

Thu. What, that my leg is too long?

Pro. No; that it is too little.

Thu. Ile weare a Boote, to make it ſomewhat rounder.

Iul. [*aside*] But loue will not be ſpurd to what it loathes.

Thu. What ſaies ſhe to my face?

Pro. She ſaies it is a faire one.

An Abbey.] Capell.
7. *Iul.* [*aside*] *But loue . . .*] Collier (Boswell conj.). Pro. But loue . . . F.

Thu. Nay, then, the wanton lyes! my face is blacke.
Pro. But Pearles are faire; and the old ſaying is,
'Blacke men are Pearles, in beauteous Ladies eyes.'
Iul. [*aside*] 'Tis true, ſuch Pearles as put out Ladies eyes;
For I had rather winke, then looke on them.
Thu. How likes ſhe my diſcourſe?
Pro. Ill, when you talke of war.
Thu. But well, when I diſcourſe of loue, and peace?
Iul. [*aside*] But better, indeede, when you hold your peace.
Thu. What ſayes ſhe to my valour?
Pro. Oh, Sir, ſhe makes no doubt of that.
Iul. [*aside*] She needes not, when ſhe knowes it cowardize.
Thu. What ſaies ſhe to my birth?
Pro. That you are well deriu'd.
Iul. [*aside*] True; from a Gentleman, to a foole.
Thu. Conſiders ſhe my Poſſeſſions?
Pro. Oh, I; and pitties them.
Thu. Wherefore?
Iul. [*aside*] That ſuch an Aſſe ſhould owe them,
Pro. That they are out by Leaſe.
Iul. Here comes the Duke!

Enter DUKE.

Du. How now, ſir *Protheus!* how now, *Thurio!*
Which of you ſaw Sir *Eglamoure* of late?
Thu. Not I!
Pro. Nor I!
Du. Saw you my daughter?
Pro. Neither.
Du. Why then,
She's fled vnto that pezant *Valentine;*
And *Eglamoure* is in her Company.
'Tis true; for Frier *Laurence* met them both,
As he, in pennance, wander'd through the Forreſt:
Him, he knew well, and gueſd that it was ſhe,
But, being maſk'd, he was not ſure of it:
Beſides, ſhe did intend Confeſſiõn

13. *Iul.* [*aside*] *'Tis true . . .*] Rowe. Thu. 'Tis true . . . F. 18, 21, 24, 28. [*aside*] Capell.
18. *your*] you F.
31. *Sir*] F4.

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At *Patricks* Cell this euen; and there ſhe was not:
Theſe likelihoods confirme her flight from hence.
Therefore, I pray you, ſtand not to diſcourſe,
But mount you preſently; and meete with me
Vpon the riſing of the Mountaine foote
That leads toward *Mantua*, whether they are fled:
Diſpatch, (ſweet Gentlemen,) and follow me! [*Exit.*
Thu. Why, this it is, to be a peeuiſh Girle,
That flies her fortune when it followes her.
Ile after, more to be reueng'd on *Eglamoure*,
Then for the loue of reck-leſſe *Siluia*. [*Exit.*
Pro. And I will follow, more for *Silulas* loue,
Then hate of *Eglamoure*, that goes with her. [*Exit.*
Iul. And I will follow, more to croſſe that loue,
Then hate for *Siluia*, that is gone for loue. [*Exit.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Tertia.

The Frontires of Mantua. The Forrest.

Enter Out-lawes *with* SILUIA.

1. *Out.* Come, come,
Be patient! we muſt bring you to our Captaine.
Sil. A thouſand more miſchances then this one,
Haue learn'd me how to brooke this patiently.
2 *Out.* Come, bring her away!
1 *Out.* Where is the Gentleman that was with her?
3 *Out.* Being nimble-footed, he hath out-run vs.
But *Moyſes* and *Valerius* follow him.
Goe thou with her to the Weſt end of the Wood;
There is our Captaine: Wee'll follow him that's fled:
The Thicket is beſet; he cannot ſcape.
[*Exeunt* **Out-lawes.** *Manent* SILUIA *and* **1 Out-lawe.**
1 *Out.* Come, I muſt bring you to our Captains caue!

47. *Exit.*] Rowe.
51, 53. *Exit.*] Capell
52. *Siluias*] Siluas F.
55. *Exit.*] Capell. Exeunt. F.
The . . . Mantua.] Capell.
The Forrest.] Pope.

Feare not! he beares an honourable minde,
And will not vſe a woman lawleſly.
Sil. O *Valentine*, this I endure for thee! [*Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scœna Quarta.

The Frontires of Mantua. Another part of the Forrest.

Enter VALENTINE. (*Later*, PROTHEUS, SILUIA, IULIA, DUKE, THURIO, *and* Out-lawes.)

Val. How vſe doth breed a habit in a man!
This ſhadowy deſart, vnfrequented woods,
I better brooke, then flouriſhing peopled Townes:
Here can I ſit alone, vn-ſeene of any,
And, to the Nightingales complaining Notes,
Tune my diſtreſſes, and record my woes.
O thou that doſt inhabit in my breſt,
Leaue not the Manſion ſo long Tenant-leſſe,
Leſt, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leaue no memory of what it was!
Repaire me with thy preſence, *Siluïa!*
Thou gentle Nimph, cheriſh thy fór-lorne ſwaine!
[*Noise within.*
What hallowing, and what ſtir, is this to day?
Theſe are my mates, (that make their Wills their Law,)
Haue ſome vnhappy paſſenger in chace.
They loue me well; yet I haue much to doe
To keepe them from vnciuill outrages.
Withdraw thee, *Valentine!* who's this comes heere?
[*Steps aside.*

Enter PROTHEUS, SILUIA, *and* IULIA.

Pro. Madam, this ſeruice I haue done for you,
(Though you reſpect not aught your ſeruant doth,)
To hazard life, and reſkew you from him
That would haue forc'd your honour, and your loue:

Another . . . Forrest.] Capell. 6. *distresses*] distrestes F. 18. *Steps aside.*] Johnson.

Vouchſafe me, for my meed, but one faire looke!
(A ſmaller boone then this I cannot beg,
And leſſe then this, I am ſure, you cannot giue.)
Val. [*aside*] How like a dreame is this I ſee, and heare!
Loue, lend me patience to forbeare a while!
Sil. O miſerable, vnhappy that I am!
Pro. Vnhappy were you (Madam) ere I came;
But, by my comming, I haue made you happy.
Sil. By thy approach, thou mak'ſt me moſt vnhappy.
Iul. [*aside*] And me, when he approcheth to your preſence.
Sil. Had I beene ceazēd by a hungry Lion,
I would haue beene a break-faſt to the Beaſt,
Rather then haue falſe *Protheus* reſkue me!
Oh, heauen be iudge how I loue *Valentine*,
Whoſe life's as tender to me as my ſoule!
And full as much (for more there cannot be)
I doe deteſt falſe periur'd *Prothēus!*
Therefore be gone! ſollicit me no more!
Pro. What dangerous action, ſtood it next to death,
Would I not vndergoe for one calme looke?
Oh, 'tis the curſe in Loue, and ſtill approu'd,
When women cannot loue, where they're belou'd!
Sil. When *Protheus* 'cannot loue, where he's belou'd!'
Read ouer *Iulia's* heart, (thy firſt, beſt Loue,)
For whoſe dear ſake, thou didſt then rend thy faith
Into a thouſand oathes; and all thoſe oathes
Deſcended into periury, to loue me!
Thou haſt no faith left now, vnleſſe thou'dſt two,
And that's farre worſe then none; better haue none,
Then plurall faith, which is too much by one:
Thou Counterfeyt to thy true friend!
Pro. In Loue,
Who reſpects friend?
Sil. All men but *Prothēus!*
Pro. Nay, if the gentle ſpirit of mouing words
Can no way change you to a milder forme,
Ile wooe you like a Souldier, at armes end;
And loue you 'gainſt the nature of Loue: force ye!

20, 32. *aside* Theobald.

Sil. Oh heauen!
Pro. Ile force thee yeeld to my deſire!
Val. [*coming forward*] Ruffian! let goe that rude vnciuill touch!
Thou friend of an ill faſhion!
Pro. *Valentine!*
Val. Thou common friend, that's without faith or loue;
(For ſuch is a friend now;) treacherous man!
Thou haſt beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could haue perſwaded me: now I dare not ſay
I haue one friend aliue; thou wouldſt diſproue me.
Who ſhould be truſted **now**, when ones right hand
Is periured to the boſome? *Prothëus,*
I am ſorry I muſt neuer truſt thee more,
But count the world a ſtranger for thy ſake.
The priuate wound is deepeſt: Oh Time moſt accurſt!
'Mongſt all foes, that a friend ſhould be the worſt!
Pro. My ſhame and guilt confounds me!
Forgiue me, *Valentine!* If hearty ſorrow
Be a ſufficient Ranſome for offence,
I tender't heere; I doe as truely ſuffer
As ere I did commit!
Val. Then I am paid;
And, once againe, I doe receiue thee honeſt:
(Who by Repentance is not ſatisfied,
Is nor of heauen, nor earth; for theſe are pleas'd;
By Penitence, th'Eternalls wrath's appeas'd:)
And, that my loue may appeare plaine and free,
All that was mine in *Siluia,* I giue thee!
Iul. Oh me vnhappy! [*Swounds.*
Pro. Looke to the Boy!
Val. Why, Boy! why, wag! how now! what's the matter? Look vp! ſpeak!
Iul. O good ſir, my maſter charg'd me to deliuer a ring to Madam *Siluia; which* (out of my neglect) was neuer done.
Pro. Where is that ring, boy?
Iul. Heere 'tis: this is it. [*Giues a Ring.*

67. *trusted now, when ones*] F2. trusted, when ones F.
84. *Swounds.*] Pope.

Pro. How! let me ſee.
Why, this is the ring I gaue to *Iulia.*
Iul. Oh, cry you mercy, ſir, I haue miſtooke:
This is the ring you ſent to *Siluïa.* [*Shews another Ring.*
Pro. But how cam'ſt thou by this ring? At my depart,
I gaue this vnto *Iulia.*
Iul. And *Iulïa* her ſelfe did giue it me;
And *Iulia* her ſelfe hath brought it hither.
Pro. How! *Iulia?*
Iul. Behold her, that gaue ayme to all thy oathes,
And entertain'd 'em deepely in her heart!
How oft haſt thou with periury cleft the roote!
Oh, *Protheus!* let this habit make thee bluſh!
Be thou aſham'd, that I haue tooke vpon me
Such an immodeſt rayment! if ſhame liue
In a diſguiſe of loue:
It is the leſſer blot, modeſty findes,
Women to change their ſhapes, then Men their minds.
Pro. 'Then men their minds'! tis true! Oh heuen, were man
But Conſtant, he were perfect! That one error
Fils him with faults; makes him run through all th'ſins:
Inconſtancy falls off, ere it begins.
What is in *Siluia's* face, but I may ſpie,
More freſh in *Iulia's,* with a conſtant eye?
Val. Come, come, a hand from either:
Let me be bleſt to make this happy cloſe;
'Twere pitty two ſuch friends ſhould be long foes.
Pro. Beare witnes (Heauen) I haue my wiſh for euer!
Iul. And I mine.

Enter Out-lawes *with* DUKE *and* THURIO.

Out-lawes. A prize, a prize, a prize!
Val. Forbeare, forbeare, I ſay! it is my Lord the Duke.
¶ Your Grace is welcome to a man diſgrac'd,
Baniſhëd *Valentine.*
Duke. Sir *Valentine!*
Thu. Yonder is *Siluïa;* and *Siluia's* mine!
Val. Thurio, giue backe, or elſe embrace thy death!

120. *Out-lawes.*] Out-l. F.

Come not within the meaſure of my wrath!
Doe not name *Siluia* thine; if once againe,
Verona[1] ſhall not hold thee! Heere ſhe ſtands:
Take but poſſeſſion of her with a Touch:
I dare thee, but to breath vpon my Loue!
Thur. Sir *Valentine*, I care not for her, I:
I hold him but a foole, that will endanger
His Body for a Girle that loues him not:
I claime her not, and therefore ſhe is thine.
Duke. The more degenerate and baſe art thou,
To make ſuch meanes for her as thou haſt done,
And leaue her on ſuch ſlight conditiöns!
¶ Now, by the honor of my Anceſtry,
I doe applaud thy ſpirit, *Valentine*,
And thinke thee worthy of an Empreſſe loue!
Know, then, I heere forget all former greeſes,
Cancell all grudge, repeale thee home againe.
Plead a new ſtate in thy vn-riual'd merit!
To which I thus ſubſcribe: Sir *Valentine*,
Thou art a Gentleman, and well deriu'd;
Take thou thy *Siluia*, for thou haſt deſeru'd her!
Val. I thank your Grace; ye gift hath made me happy.
I now beſeech you (for your daughters ſake)
To grant one Boone that I ſhall aſke of you!
Duke. I grant it, (for thine owne,) what ere it be.
Val. Theſe baniſh'd men, that I haue kept withall,
Are men endu'd with worthy qualities:
Forgiue them what they haue committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their Exile!
They are reformëd, ciuill, full of good,
And fit for great employment, (worthy Lord.)
Duke. Thou haſt preuail'd; I pardon them and thee:
Diſpoſe of them, as thou knowſt their deſerts.
Come, let vs goe! we will include all iarres
With Triumphes, Mirth, and rare ſolemnity.
Val. And, as we walke along, I dare be bold

[1] So F. Milan *shall not* behold *thee* Theobald. And Milan *shall not hold thee* Hanmer. Milan e'en *shall not hold thee* Halliwell. Milano *shall not hold thee* Collier MS.

With our diſcourſe, to make your Grace to ſmile.
What thinke you of this Page, (my Lord?)
Duke. I think the Boy hath grace in him; he bluſhes.
Val. I warrant you, (my Lord,) more grace then Boy.
Duke. What meane you by that ſaying?
Val. Pleaſe you, Ile tell you as we paſſe along,
That you will wonder what hath fortunëd.
¶ Come, *Protheus!* 'tis your pennance, but to heare
The ſtory of your Loues diſcouerëd.
That done, our day of marriage ſhall be yours;
One Feaſt, one houſe, one mutuall happineſſe! [*Exeunt.*

V. iv. 162-172.]

NOTES.

p. 1, I. i. 24. *ouer-shooes in loue.* This phrase—probably a common one—occurs in Greene's *Tullies Loue*, 1589 (Huth Library ed., vol. vii., p. 172): . . . 'Terentia grieued: angry shee coulde not be as one that was *ouer the shooes* in affection [with Cicero],' &c.

p. 1, I. i. 27. *giue me not the Boots.* Theobald quoted Cotgrave (*s. v.* Bailler): 'Bailler foin en corne. *To giue one the boots*, to sell him a bargaine.' A less likely supposition is that the instrument of torture, called 'the boots', is referred to.

p. 3, I. i. 72, 73. In Warwickshire, Malone remarked, 'a sheep is pronounced a *ship*.'

p. 9, I. ii. 136. The 'month's mind,' a commemorative mass for a soul's repose, was celebrated on the thirtieth day after the deceased's death [F. J. F.]. The meaning of this proverbial phrase is thus explained by Dr. B. Nicholson. 'Such a ceremonial [as the 'month's mind'], which both mourners and priests performed not merely "in memoriam," but with a deep longing for the safety of the soul of the deceased, that safety being confirmed or accelerated through it, would most naturally be applied to any continuous or fixed longing, especially when its users had become Protestants.'—*N. & Q.*, 6th S. VI. 205.

p. 14, II. i. 70. *put on your hose.* button your shoes P. A. Daniel conj. Mr. Daniel remarks: 'The change from *put on* to *button* cannot be said to be violent, and *shoes* for *hose* seems justified by Valentine's following speech:—"Belike (boy) then you are in loue; for last morning you could not see to wipe my shooes."'—*Notes and Conjectural Emendations of certain Doubtful Passages in Shakespeare's Plays*, 1870, p. 17.

p. 16, II. i. 156. *in print* = with precision. Steevens quoted the phrase from Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy:* [a lover] 'must be in league with an excellent Tayler, Barber, . . . haue neat shooeties, points, garters, speake *in print*, walke *in print*, eat and drinke all *in print*, and that which is all in all, hee must be mad *in print*.' 1st edn. 1621, p. 619.

p. 22, II. iv. 110. *Enter a Seruant.* Some editors send Thurio out after l. 94, and make him re-enter after l. 110. Knight kept Thurio on the stage, and retained the F. prefix *Thur.* before l. 111, on the ground that Thurio may 'be supposed to step to the door and receive a message'; a supposition which Dyce says 'is contrary to all stage-practice, ancient or modern.'

Notes.

p. 26, II. v. 36, 39. 'And we [George Puttenham] in our Enterlude called the woer, plaid with these two words, *lubber* and *louer*, thus, the countrey clowne came and woed a young maide of the Citie, and being agreeued to come so oft, and not to haue his answere, said to the old nurse very impatiently.

> 'Iche pray you good mother tell our young dame,
> Whence I am come and what is my name,
> I cannot come a woing euery day.'
> [Cp. *Taming of the Shrew*, II. i. 112,
>
> 'Quoth the nurse,
> They be lubbers not louers that so vse to say.'
> Puttenham's *Arte of English Poesie*, 1589, ed. Arber, pp. 212, 213.

p. 45, IV. i. 49. *Neece, alide vnto the Duke.* Very diffidently we retain the F. reading, which, if it be tautological, is intelligible. *neece-alide* = allied as a niece, B. Nicholson conj.

p. 45, IV. i. 62. *To make a vertue of necessity.* Proverbial. Writing to Rufinus (about 402 A.D.), S. Jerome, after rebuking him for his unchristian temper, says: 'Mortem minaris, quam et serpentes inferre possunt. Mors omnium est, homicidium pessimorum. Quid enim? nisi tu me occideris, ego immortalis ero. Quin potius habeo gratiam, quod *facis de necessitate virtutem.*'—S. Eus. Hieronymi *Apologia adversus Libros Rufini.* Lib. III. *Op.* ed. Migne, tom. ii. col. 458. So in Castania's answer to the love-letter of Valericus (Greene's *Carde of Fancie*, 1587, Huth Lib., vol. IV. p. 60), we find: 'Sith then thou art the man whome I rather loathe then like, cease from thy sute, *make a vertue of necessitie*, and assuage the flame thy selfe which no other will quench.'

p. 46, IV. i. 72. *silly* = harmless, helpless.

p. 53, IV. iv. 51. *Hangmans boyes.* hangman boys (*i. e.* rascally boys) Singer.

p 53, IV. iv. 57. *still an end* = perpetually. In his note on *most an end*, a similar phrase which occurs in Massinger's *Very Woman*, III. i., Gifford quoted Cartwright's *Ordinary*, I. ii. 1-4, in explanation thereof.

> 'Now help, good heaven! 'tis such an uncouth thing
> To be a widow out of term time! I
> Do feel such aguish qualms, and dumps, and fits,
> And shakings *still an end*.'

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